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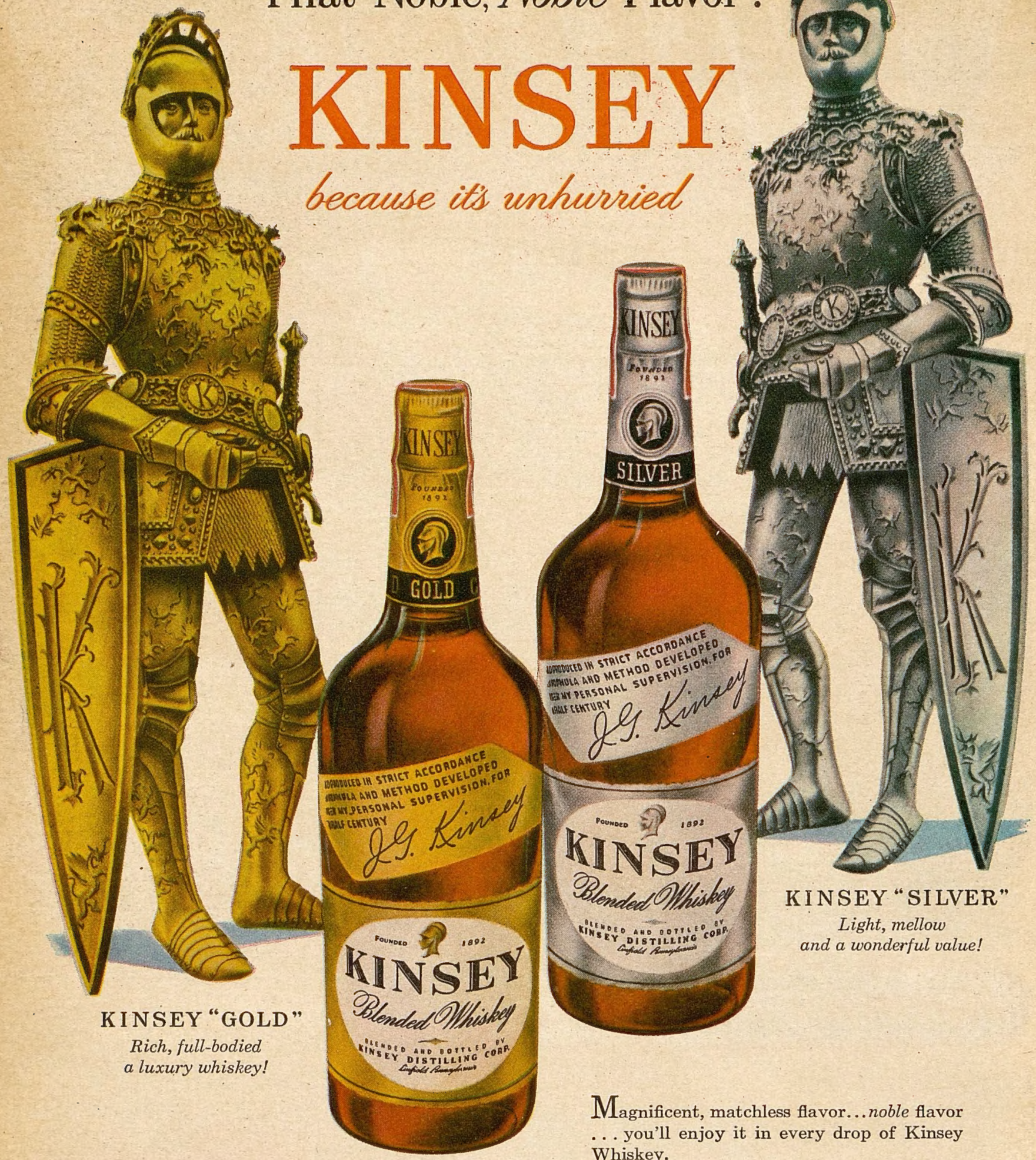
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LAURA Z. HOBSON

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THE WORLD TODAY IN FACT, FICTION, AND PICTURES

Franklin S. Forsberg, *Publisher;* David Brown, *Editor;* Lee Pasquin, *Managing Editor;* Duncan B. MacIntosh, *Art Director;* Stacy V. Jones, *Washington;* Elizabeth Wilson, *Hollywood;* John B. Danby, *Associate Editor;* Elsie Christie, *Books;* Beulah Karney, *Food;* Otto Kurth, *Art Associate;* Lawrence Lariar, *Cartoons*

ARTICLES

How to Buy a Television Set — *Earl Welch* — 13
Why Dewey Can't Be Nominated — *Rep. Edward H. Jenison* — 15
He Married a Princess — *Cobina Wright* — 18
Easter Feast — *Beulah Karney* — 22
The Long Look — *Elizabeth Wilson* — 26
The Clutching Clause — *Lyn Duddy* — 26
Seedbed for Leadership — *Thomas C. Desmond* — 30

STORIES

Baseball Kate — *John Randolph Phillips* — 16
The Student Horde — *Mosser Mauger* — 20
No Pockets in Shrouds—Short Short — *Eddie Cantor* — 24
The Man with My Face—Part III — *Samuel W. Taylor* — 52

PICTURE STORIES

Good Skate — 47
2,300 Miles Up the Amazon — 48

BOOK CONDENSATION

A Guide to Confident Living — *Dr. Norman Vincent Peale* — 31

FEATURES

Vox Pop — 6
Records — *Bing Crosby* — 8
Washington — *Drew Pearson* — 10
Cover — *Gene Federico*
Shananagram — 11
Movies — *Elizabeth Wilson* — 50
Crossword Puzzle — 74

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THE MAY ISSUE WILL APPEAR WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14

Does the "Bottle Bacillus" get in your hair?

YOU SAID IT!

Better start with Listerine Antiseptic-Quick!





Don't let INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF get a head start

THOSE ugly little germs on the scalp, those flakes and scales on hair and coat collar may mean you're in for infectious dandruff . . . *and that you need antiseptic treatment at once.*

If you have the slightest symptom, get started right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the method that has helped so many because it treats an infection as it should be treated . . . with germ-killing action.

In clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

Listerine Antiseptic goes right to work on the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale) . . . kills it by millions. This is the ugly customer that many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff. Don't try to conquer it with so-called "overnight" remedies devoid of germ-killing action.

Simply douse Listerine Antiseptic on scalp and hair, and follow with vigorous fingertip massage. Make it a part of your regular hair care. And if the symptoms persist, repeat the treatment twice daily.

You'll be delighted to see how quickly ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear . . . how readily itching is alleviated. Your scalp feels so clean, so cool, so healthy. And your hair looks the way it should.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

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THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night.

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week to guard against infection.

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Liberty ★ VOX POP ★

The voice of the people

Tank So?

PEORIA, ILL.—Well, I see in Alden Hatch's article (January) where Senator Taft wants to go back to the era of wooden guns and wooden ships. He states that we should have the strongest army and navy in the world, but spend very little money on them; should support the United Nations, but not enough to make them effective. I beg to differ with him. I think he's nuts.—*V. W. Parks, ex-tank driver.*

Up to Us

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—The United States cannot afford again to take a chance and remain weak in military power as it did before the last war. Congress almost plunged America into



disaster by its failure to enact laws to strengthen our military defense until we were practically at war with the Axis powers.

Congress is responsible to the will of the American people, for we elected its members into office; therefore it is up to us to see that it passes laws for national defense. We must write to our Congressmen to show them that we do not intend to be caught in another surprise attack by an enemy.—*Alice Hanchett.*

Message to Mothers

GREECE—My husband was killed, after the war, by one of the mines the Germans left. I have no money, no resources, except my occasional chances to work as a cleaning woman.

We have a place to live—a small one-room warehouse. A crippled beggar who came once to beg in my courtyard saw how it was with us and began bringing bits of food he gets. A few benefactors send in a plate of food sometimes. I divide it in six parts and then I have to leave the little house awhile, for fear I might be tempted—I am so hungry myself. Mothers of America, I ask you, when you have to urge your child to eat, remember my six little ones whose appetites are as big as all Greece.—*Mrs. Sifnakis.*

This letter was received through American Overseas Aid-United Nations Appeal for Children.—VOX POP EDITOR.

A Beg-Pardon

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—Your story on Jack Benny (February) was wonderful, but thought you'd like to



know that you forgot a very clever young man named Milt Josefsberg, who is one of Jack Benny's writers.

The Milt Josefsberg Fan Club joins me in asking you to correct this error.—*Irving Fein, Amusement Enterprises, Inc.*

We're sorry about that omission, and glad to give Milt this special mention. —VOX POP EDITOR.

Tough Waiting? Wait!

PASADENA, CALIF.—You oughta be shot for stopping the story, The



Man with My Face, where you did in the February issue. How am I and the other millions of readers going to wait till the March issue comes out? It's the most suspenseful story I've read in a long time.—*Jerome V. Bunker.*

Scrapple Scrap

ARLINGTON, VA.—Mrs. G. E. Watson of Perry, Ga. (Vox Pop, February), offended my Pennsylvania Dutchness when she said scrapple was made of left-over meat and stale bread crumbs. It is made of pork and corn meal.—*Mrs. E. S. Ers.*



Thousands are raving about this "10-DAY MIRACLE DIET"!

The average overweight person may expect to lose 5 pounds in 10 days; and some may lose as much as 10 pounds in 10 days

PARTIAL CONTENTS

Showing HOW This Book Takes Off The Pounds and The Bulges

I. THE SURE WAY TO REDUCE

The "Lazy Way" to Lose Weight. How to reduce quickly, safely — no exercise, drugs, girdles, or gadgets.
How Much Do You Want to Reduce? How Fast? Diets that reduce you rapidly or gradually, as you wish. **Counting Calories Isn't Enough.**
How "galloping calories" slim you faster. **Exercise Is a Practical Joker.** Why exercise alone is a poor way to reduce.
No Drugs, No Sweat. Ignore costly sweat baths, reducing drugs, dangerous fasting, etc.

II. WHY YOU DON'T GET SLIM

Coffee, Tea, Cocoa, Milk, Water, Soft Drinks. How beverages affect weight control — some surprises.
Cocktail Calories. Strange role of alcohol in building fat.
What You Ought to Weigh. Tables to find your ideal weight. Why "gland alibi" is out.

III. YOU CRACK DOWN ON CALORIES

3 Kinds. How each affects weight. Why you needn't give up sweets, butter, etc., completely.
Simple Arithmetic of Reducing. Easy way to set your calorie quota, whether housewife, factory worker, stenographer, etc.
Fastest SAFE Slimming Program. Diet safeguards that make speedy weight reduction safe for the overweight.
10-Day Miracle Diet. Safe way to lose 5 to 10 pounds in 10 days. Average overweight person may expect to lose 5 pounds in 10 days; some as much as 10 pounds in 10 days.
Heartier Diets. 3 daily diets for losing 10 pounds a month. How to substitute other foods. 2 diets for losing 8½ pounds a month. 2 basic "STAY Slim" diets.
Two-Minute Calorie-Counting Table.
Split Your Quota Any Way You Like. Exploding no-food-between-meals myth and the nothing-but-coffee-for-breakfast error.

IV. COUNT VITAMINS THE EASY WAY

You Needn't Pay Extra for Vitamins. How to get all you normally need from foods alone.
Your Daily Vitamin Needs. Units of A, B1, C, G and D needed daily for Adults, Adolescents, Children, Infants, Pregnant Women.
Cook Kindly. 9 rules to preserve vitamins in preparing foods.

V. EAT FOR BEAUTY, CHARM

No Pep, No Joy, No Friends. Is this you? Maybe you can remedy it—at dinner table!
Skin You Love to Touch. How Vitamin A and other elements promote beautiful skin.
Teeth You Love to Brush. Food minerals for healthy teeth.
Diet Cure for Common Constipation. "Scare" warnings vs. truth.

No Exercise or Drugs! Yet You Enjoy 3 Delicious Meals a Day!

HERE is the pleasant, sensible, scientific way to REDUCE. To see those unattractive bulges "smooth out," disappear as if by magic. To enjoy the admiring glances a slim figure always attracts. This slenderizing miracle can be accomplished for the overweight quickly, safely — whether you are a man or woman, young or old. And, best of all—

WITHOUT denying yourself 3 delicious sustaining meals every day, including a tasty breakfast.

WITHOUT exercise drudgery!

WITHOUT drugs, pills, compounds! (They can harm your health and appearance.)

How then? *By knowing certain up-to-date scientific facts about food-selection!*

It's Simple; IF You Know THIS!

"Oh, of course," you may reply, "it's just a matter of calories." But IS it? Suppose you had to choose between a large glass of orange juice and half of an average sirloin steak? You'd probably reach for the orange juice. Actually *the steak would give you 15 times as many precious ENERGY-stimulating calories*. Yet the total number of calories in each is roughly the same!

It's the KIND of calories that makes the big difference!

Which KIND of Calories?

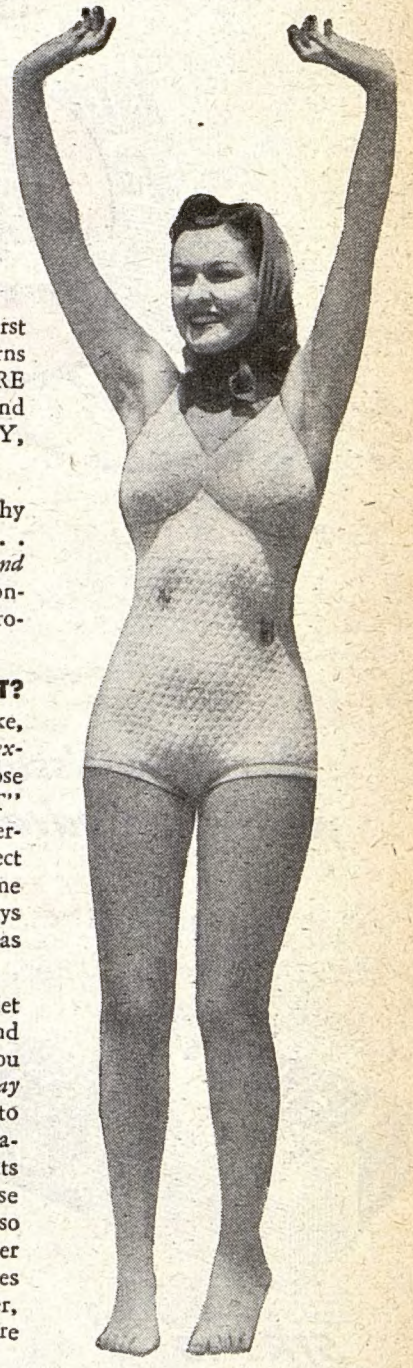
Some foods are high in *fat* calories; others high in *energy-stimulating* calories. If you eat the first kind of foods, your body burns LESS ENERGY, stores MORE FAT. But if you eat the second kind you burn MORE ENERGY, store LESS FAT!

This scientific fact explains why most ordinary "dieting" fails . . . why *"The New Way To Eat and Get Slim"* (as explained by Donald G. Cooley in his book) produces such amazing results.

How Much Loss Do You WANT?

Since no two persons are alike, it is impossible to predict the *exact* number of pounds *you* will lose on the "10-DAY MIRACLE DIET" given in this book. But the average overweight person may expect to lose 5 pounds in 10 days—some as much as 10 pounds in 10 days —even though the diet provides as much bulk as the average diet!

The book also gives you a diet for losing 10 pounds a month; and a "stay-slim" diet, so when you *reach* slenderness, you can *stay* there. You don't have to stick to each day's menu—Substitution Table gives you dozens of other meats and foods to eat instead. These diets give you a slimmer figure, also (for scientific reasons) greater health and beauty! Skin becomes smoother, clearer . . . hair, softer, more lustrous . . . you have more pep, "ginger," zest for living!





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Liberty ★ RECORDS ★

ABOUT CURRENT FAVORITES BY BING CROSBY

■ Currently there is a fine crop of exciting new melodies to titillate the eardrums. Here are some new tunes from which I personally get an extra lift in the tympanum.

The Fifty Fifty Blues of Jack Teagarden and Louis Armstrong should be 1,000-Per-Cent Blues. These two masters may have made the best record of the year. (RCA Victor 20-2530; list price, 63 cents.)



Dizzy Fingers is a great instrumental novelty by Benny Goodman. He is so technically dexterous on the clarinet that it is almost alarming. This rendition is cleverly backed up with a jump accompaniment which arrives on schedule. (Capitol 439; list price, 63 cents.)

When Johnny Mercer gets a-holt of good material like **Don't Have to Know the Language,** he doesn't turn it loose until it's crisp. This one is a very clever record by Georgia's "Jawn." (Capitol 15025; list price, 75 cents.)

Pass That Peace Pipe, done by Kay Kyser, comes out a smart tune with a built-in beat and brilliant lyric. It has a good vocal by Jud Conlon and his group, plus solo passages by Gloria Wood who, strangely enough, works on the Philco radio show. (Columbia 37956; list price, 75 cents.)

I also vote for **Golden Earrings,** sung by Peggy Lee. Peggy is a buy if she sings *a cappella,* but when you have a generous Victor Young song and a great Dave Barbour arrangement, you've got to get in line. (Capitol 15009; list price, 75 cents.)

What Frank Sinatra does to **But Beautiful** is but beautiful. The Gaunt Guinea takes dead aim on this lovely ballad. His delivery is unctuous and appealing and should put Vic Damone, the new threat, to vocalizing assiduously. (Columbia 38053; list price, 75 cents.)

Liberty

★ JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES ★

■ There will be those readers who wonder how Eddie Cantor (No Pockets in Shrouds, page 24) became a writer. The fact is that this famous comedian has always been a writer. "My first serious piece of writing," declares Mr. Cantor, "was to doctor a weak report card received some 40-odd years ago at Public School No. 1 in New York City."

In 1927, in collaboration with David Freedman, Mr. Cantor wrote My Life Is in Your Hands, which ran serially in the Saturday Evening Post, and was later published as a book by Harper & Brothers. Following the 1929 stock-market crash Mr. Cantor found renewed prosperity in a phenomenal best-selling book entitled Caught Short.

"No Pockets in Shrouds," writes Mr. Cantor, "was inspired by a certain type of non-giver I have frequently encountered in raising funds for philanthropic causes."

■ Edward Halsey Jenison, author of Why Dewey Can't Be Nominated, is a Republican Representative in Congress from the Eighteenth District of Illinois, comprising some 5,500 square miles in the central and eastern part of the state. Although a freshman Congressman who has never before held political office, Mr. Jenison has long been an observer of Midwest politics, particularly of the Republican variety. He is 40 years old, a native of Wisconsin, and an alumnus of the University of Wisconsin. He is no novice at writing, either. Since 1931 he has been editor and part owner of a vigorous daily, the Paris, Illinois, Beacon-News. He's a veteran of the navy, too, having held the rank of lieutenant commander. Representative Jenison is possibly getting out on a limb with his Dewey prognostication, but it is refreshing to find a Congressman who'll take a stand.

■ Don't miss the May Liberty, on sale April 14. Francis Sill Wickware's novel, Tuesday to Bed, alone is worth the price of admission. —*D. B.*

You're definitely in the picture when you've got P.A.*



A man with a pipe makes a pleasing picture to the ladies. He has Pipe Appeal—and with Prince Albert, he's *sure* of smoking joy and comfort!

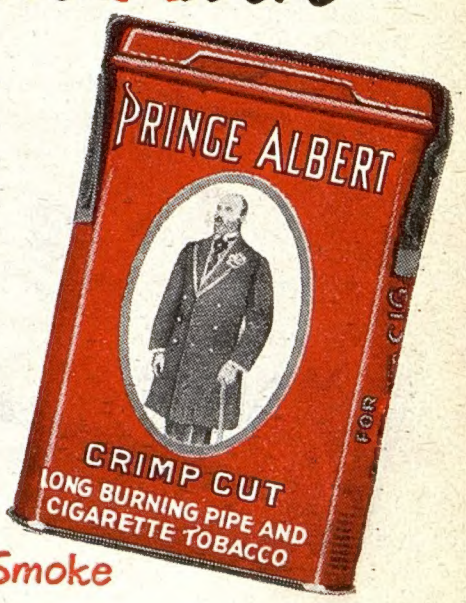
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Dressing in the morning, she dons no harness of belt-pin-pad. Therefore she carries no bulk to act as a reminder. No ridges will show nor edges chafe. No odor to be feared because odor cannot form with Tampax. Then how can she help feeling more like her usual self—daintier, more relaxed, more active?

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★ WASHINGTON ★

BY DREW PEARSON

Hidden Battle • **The multi-billion-dollar foreign-aid plans, tax reduction, Universal Military Training and other clangorous headline issues are blanketing the matter; but the hottest water-power battle in more than 20 years is raging furiously in both chambers of Congress.**

Core of this unnoticed battle is an all-out power-industry assault against federal regulation. Spearhead of the attack is the National Association of Electric Companies, whose Washington generalissimo, Purcell L. Smith, is paid $65,000 a year and is known in the Capitol as the "King of the Lobbyists." Through a score of bills, the industry is striking boldly and directly at the heart of the system of regulatory measures and agencies created by past Congresses over a period of many years.

Authors of the key measures are Senator Elmer Thomas, D., Okla.; Representative William Miller, R., Conn.; Representative Robert F. Rockwell, R., Colo.; Representative Eugene Cox, D., Ga.; Representative Ross Rizley, R., Okla.; Representative John W. Byrnes, R., Wis.

The aim of all the bills is to whittle down or strip the Federal Power Commission and Bureau of Reclamation of their regulatory powers, also to block new public power developments.

President Truman has privately stated his intention to use the veto ax if any of the measures get to him.

Meanwhile, whatever happens to the bills, this is certain: The power attack will be a major campaign issue in the crucial West this year.

I Predict • That President Truman will veto any power-industry bills passed by Congress. . . . That Louis E. Starr, former National Commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, will be a candidate for a high Oregon State office. . . . That despite repeated rumors, President Truman will make no changes in his Cabinet. . . . That the name of Henry Wallace will appear as a third-party candidate on the ballots of at least 34 states. . . . That the total appropriations passed by this Congress will be closer to President Truman's $39 billion figure than to that of the G.O.P.'s lesser goal.

Head Man • **By formal edict of the Division of Protocol of the State Department, the Chief Justice now is no longer outranked by foreign ambassadors at dinner parties. Now the Chief Justice ranks directly after the Speaker of the House, who is topped only by the President and Vice-President.**

Less Talk • General Eisenhower has already dropped a hint to Columbia University executives that changes will be in order in the way they do business when he takes over. He made this clear after attending one of the weekly meetings of the deans of the various schools. Each of the numerous deans made an individual "situation report" to Acting President Frank Fackenthal. Afterward, Eisenhower was asked what he thought of the long-drawn-out session.

"Well, we'll have to change that," he said. "It isn't businesslike to have twenty executive officers reporting to the chief of staff at the same time. Wears them out and wears him out. We'll have to cut the number down to four."

Merry-Go-Round • **A new battle is shaping up behind the scenes over civilian control of the Atomic Energy Commission. Defeated on this last year, the military are quietly organizing another drive to get into the saddle. . . . Total cost for government in the United States last year, local, state, and federal, was $54 billion as against $47 billion spent for food. . . . So far, only six out of every 100 veterans have received home loans under the G.I. bill; and for farm loans, only two out of every 1,000. . . . Gate-crashing has become so pronounced at Washington's social affairs that hosts are hiring guards to keep out intruders.**

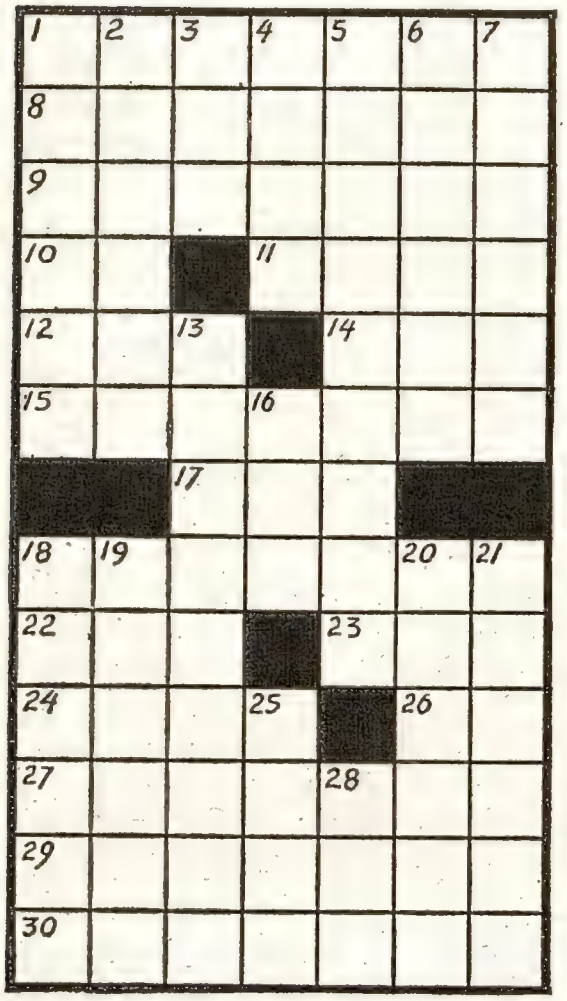
Break for Alaska • National defense needs may be the big break for Alaska. The Territory's industrial and population development is now a serious military concern.

Assistant Secretary of the Interior W. E. Warne will submit to Congress a large-scale "package" program for Alaskan development. The Army, Air Force, and Navy will throw their weight behind it.

SHANANAGRAMS

An Anagramatical Cockeyed Quizword

BY TED SHANE

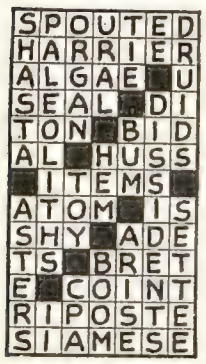


ACROSS

1 *Chaps in* Popeye! Beware this powerful weed!
8 Glass eye for foreign *cool men*
9 Politicians, *O Ration* this gas in '48!
10 Vol. I of World's Greatest Book (abbr.)
11 Adam's *need.* England's too?
12 Gravy catcher
14 What's the eye in Egyptian symbolism?
15 *Hag legs* it to market, indulges in dollar duel
17 s
18 *Come, put* figures in lump
22 What constellation's the Altar?
23 *Al's* gal Hepatica
24 This is *a sin*
26 Montauk Point tips what? (abbr.)
27 Arrow *in depot* indicated sharply
29 Amino acid *à la 9*
30 *Canters* in reverse in one's belief

DOWN

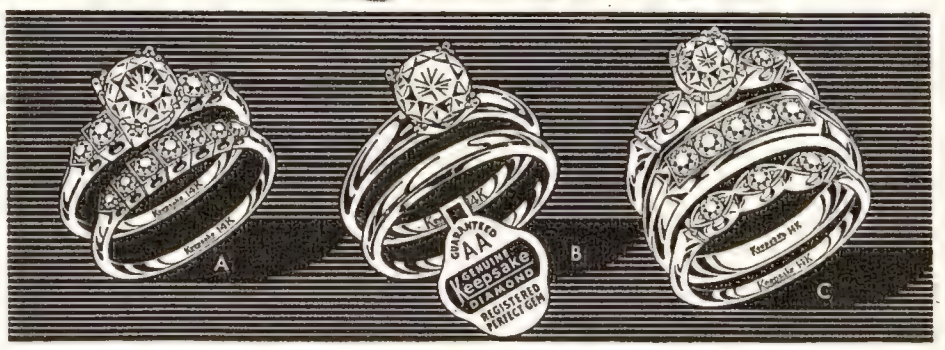
1 *Oh Tom's* slick!
2 *Top air* soap opera life-facer
3 Miss Claire, the lovely hamess
4 *Eton* has *tone*
5 *Lou is a Duc* with a sour disposish
6 Name a living South African writer
7 *N. Shane* reddens to the roots
13 Man with I-trouble can *manage CIO*
16 Elephant, hopes to put mule behind '48 ball (abbr.)
18 Toots got into many *a scrap* over comic companion
19 *Re: Olio* of colorful Baltimorean, it's a bird
20 *Latent* genius
21 *Slid* with *ees*
25 Name the companion of the King of Siam
28 *Nit* wit is a kind of western star



March Answer

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Directed by JOHN FORD

Screen play by Frank Nugent *as suggested by The Saturday Evening Post story "Massacre" by James Warner Bellah*

AN ARGOSY PICTURE

Released thru RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.



HOW TO BUY A TELEVISION SET

Now that video is coming within reach of the average pocketbook, here's what potential purchasers should know about it

BY EARL WELCH

■ "Have a ringside seat at the next Joe Louis fight without moving out of your easy chair. Own a private box at the opera. Enjoy a close-up of the World Series without the dust bothering your hay fever. . . .

"All of these pleasures will be yours at the twist of a dial," said the salesman at the television demonstration. He was right, too—for some customers. But for others he was just a prelude to frayed tempers and ultimate cynicism. These were the ones who would buy without first making sure of exactly what they were getting.

If you are a potential customer, here are a few facts that might be worth knowing before you invest from $200 to $2,500. First, you should look over your locality. Buildings, noises, trees, hills, and the relative position of your home with regard to sending stations can affect your reception, sometimes to a deadly degree.

Television signals travel pretty much in straight lines. Objects between the transmitting aerial and your receiving aerial can cause trouble. One woman found she could not get any reception with an aerial on the roof of the hotel in which she lived. There were too many taller buildings near by. A man who lived in the country had similar trouble because of the hills around his house.

A television aerial, in fact, is so vital to good reception that it must be installed by an expert. The job will cost you about $50, in addition to the cost of the set. If you live in an apartment building, you must get permission from your landlord before putting up an aerial. Some landlords, foreseeing a forest of these unsightly contraptions on their rooftops, refuse permission. However, a "multiple aerial" is now on the market, but it is expensive.

If you live near an airfield, planes passing overhead may produce revolving pictures. An oil burner, diathermy machine, an elevator, or similar electrical installations will send your pictures into convulsions unless adequately filtered out.

A reliable dealer will, upon request, send a serviceman to look over your home in advance of your purchase of a set. He will tell you if television is practical where you live, and will estimate any additional costs that may be necessary.

It is extremely important that you check up on the number of hours a day during which it is possible to receive television programs in your district. One man bought a very expensive set, only to learn that he could receive no more than seven hours of broadcasts a week! Metropolitan areas have enough programs to make a set very much worth while, but there are still many sections where a television receiver would be just an ornament.

When you start shopping for a television set, call the biggest showroom in town and find out when its regular demonstrations are given. Begin by seeing the best in order to have a base from which to judge the quality of the pictures on all the other sets you will be shown.

Many persons who have never seen a good set in operation do not expect very much of television. Actually it can be as good as sitting in the movies. You should get clear, steady pictures with good contrast and detail.

About a dozen reputable manufacturers are making sets right now. Another half dozen have models on display and are taking advance orders. You can get fine performance on sets that sell for as low as $250, which is no higher than the price of many good radios. However, the screen will be only about five by seven inches. This screen makes a good show, but won't prove as satisfying as the larger ones.

The best-sized screens for home use range from nine to fifteen inches. The bigger the screen, the higher the price. An excellent set with a nine-inch screen can be had for around $400. It will cost only one or two cents an hour to operate. There are sets that cost slightly under $200. But be careful of anything that is not a "name brand" and which sells below that figure. Beware of "custom-made" sets that aren't made by a well-known firm.

During any demonstration find out if the picture on the screen is real or projected. Some sets actually have a small image, but it is enlarged by a projector inside the set. While this helps to prevent some of the eye strain that a very small image can produce, it also causes the picture to lose contrast and thus be of poor quality. You might, in the end, prefer to buy a set with a projected image, but make sure that you don't buy a nine-inch screen with a projected image under the assumption that you are getting a nine-inch screen with a real image.

■ Another point to check is whether your home is supplied with AC or DC current. Television sets burn up when plugged into DC. A converter costs between $30 and $60. However, the motor of a converter will cause interference unless perfectly filtered out.

Be sure to look carefully at the guaranty. Most sets are not guaranteed for more than 90 days. Others are guaranteed for one year. Still others can be "insured" for a year, at fees ranging from $50 to $100 extra.

It should be remembered that television repair costs run high.

Television sets are perfectly safe from the outside, but don't let dad put his hand inside the back to "tune it up" as he does the radio. There are thousands of volts there, even after the set is turned off, and a dangerous shock can result. ■ ■



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WHY DEWEY CAN'T BE NOMINATED

By Representative
EDWARD H. JENISON

A Republican writes off Dewey's chances with some startling facts

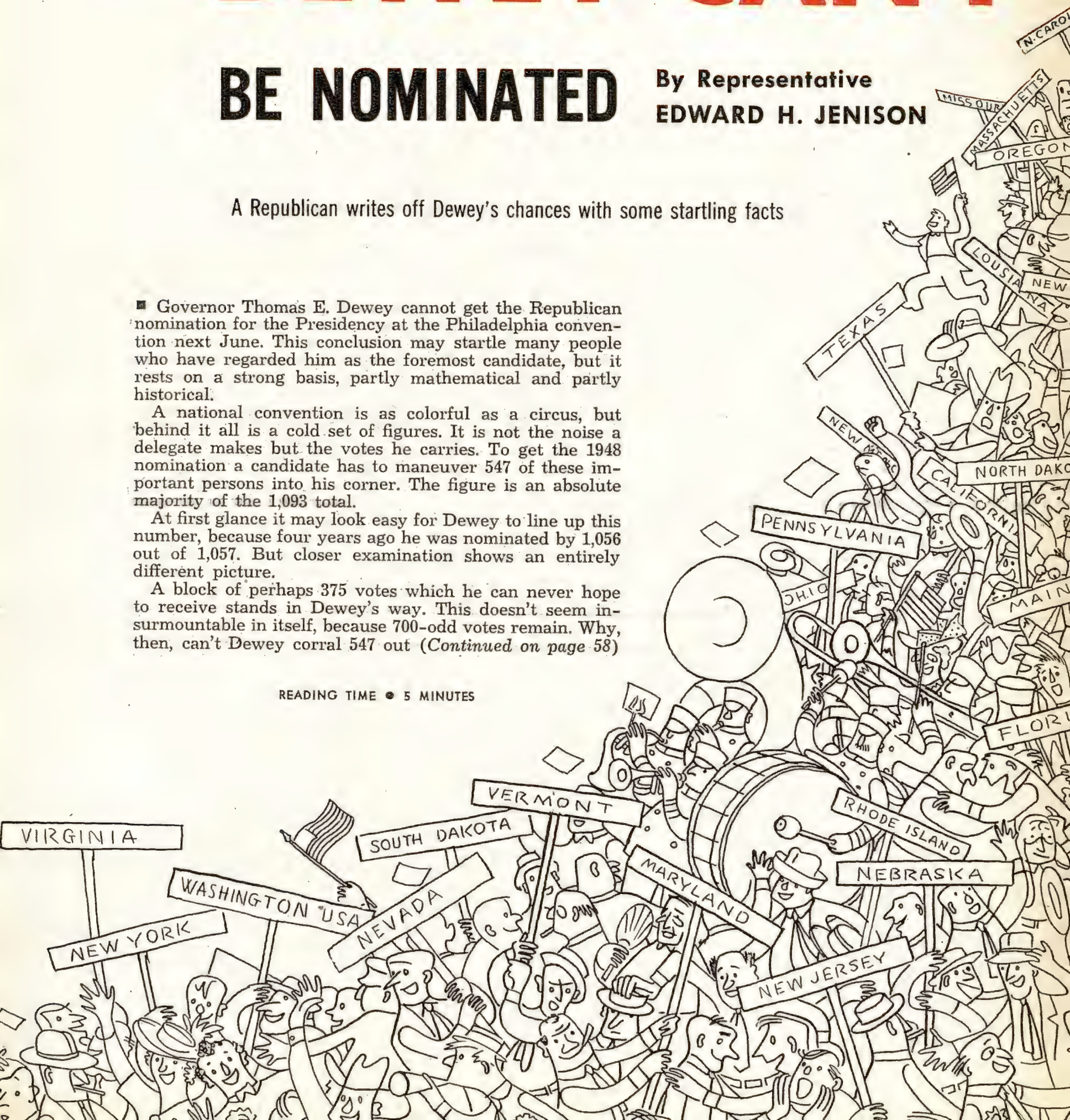
■ Governor Thomas E. Dewey cannot get the Republican nomination for the Presidency at the Philadelphia convention next June. This conclusion may startle many people who have regarded him as the foremost candidate, but it rests on a strong basis, partly mathematical and partly historical.

A national convention is as colorful as a circus, but behind it all is a cold set of figures. It is not the noise a delegate makes but the votes he carries. To get the 1948 nomination a candidate has to maneuver 547 of these important persons into his corner. The figure is an absolute majority of the 1,093 total.

At first glance it may look easy for Dewey to line up this number, because four years ago he was nominated by 1,056 out of 1,057. But closer examination shows an entirely different picture.

A block of perhaps 375 votes which he can never hope to receive stands in Dewey's way. This doesn't seem insurmountable in itself, because 700-odd votes remain. Why, then, can't Dewey corral 547 out (*Continued on page 58*)

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES





Did you ever see a ball club catch fire?

Well, meet the girl who struck the match!

BY JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS ILLUSTRATED BY JOSSEL

BASEBALL KATE

■ We made a hot race of it that year and finished the season only three games behind the Yankees. We might of won if our pitching hadn't folded in the home stretch. I went to New York for the first two games of the Series. Then I and the madam pulled out for Carolina. In December, O'Malley, like he always does, came down for some bird shooting, and he hadn't been with us fifteen minutes before I knew there was something on his mind besides birds.

O'Malley is the manager of the Bulldogs and, as such, my boss. He is a big guy with red hair and blue eyes and a chin that sticks way out when there's something on his mind. It was sticking out now.

READING TIME



12 MINUTES

"Shorty," he said, "I've bought Lefty Tennille from the Cleveland club."

"Take it easy," I told O'Malley. "Maybe you'd like a nice bottle of beer. Maybe you'd like to lay down till supper."

"I mean it! Look what Tennille could of done for us in the stretch drive last September."

"We don't want any part of Mr. Tennille," I told him. "He's one of the four best pitchers in the league."

I got up and stomped around our cozy little living room. I lit a cigarette and threw it away. I kicked at the cat on the rug, and the cat hadn't done a thing to me.

"So you have went and bought Baseball Kate!"

"Oh, her? I can"—even O'Malley hesitated—"I can handle her all right."

"Not without you get an injunction of some kind." I put my hand on his shoulder. "O'Malley, we came up to the big show together. When the Old Man made you manager, the first thing you did was sign me as coach. We're both forty-one now and we've been together too long for you to do this to me."

"It's done. With Tennille taking his regular turn, we'll win in a walk next year."

"It'll be a walk, but it won't be no winning walk. By the first of June, Baseball Kate will have the club so stirred up that not even you and me will be speaking to each other." (*Continued on page 60*)


Jossel

HE MARRIED A PRINCESS



■ When I saw Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, standing at the altar of Westminster Abbey holding the hand of his lovely bride, Princess Elizabeth, I thought of my first meeting with Philip—in Venice, ten years ago. Then he was a polite lad with a boyish smile and a great capacity for having fun. Today he is a man of great charm, polish, and poise. But he is also a very human person. I think it is this last quality which everyone who knows him finds most endearing.

For example, when I asked him in London just prior to the wedding if he looked forward to having a home and family of his own, he said, "Madre [a pet name he gave me long ago], why do you think I'm getting married? Do you know that I've never really had a home? Since I was eight years old I have always been away at school. First Paris, then Baden, Germany, and then Gordonstoun in Scotland. From there I went directly into the navy when I was seventeen, and, as you know, a naval career doesn't permit a young man much opportunity for home life."

Philip took his naval career seriously, even the most minor tasks. After his first sea cruise, his tutor, Commander John Lewty, reported that he was ". . . thoroughly trustworthy and not afraid of dirty and arduous work."

Philip has always been like that: willing to take part in any fun and also willing to share the burden of any work. There is no snobbishness about him and he has always disliked too much fuss over his royal rank as Prince Philip.

Many people have asked how we became friends and why I was the only American woman invited by him to the wedding. When I first met Philip in Venice, my daughter and I were staying with Arturo Toscanini's daughter, the Countess Castelbarco. One evening Prince Christopher of Greece came to take us to a ball at Lady Castelrosse's villa. A handsome blond youth asked to be presented to us, but we didn't get his name. Before we left he asked if he might call on us. My daughter then asked what his name was, and he said, "Philip."

"But surely you have a last name," Cobina, Jr., insisted.

He laughed and said, "No, just Philip."

COBINA WRIGHT the only American woman invited by Philip to the royal wedding gives Liberty readers an intimate word portrait of Princess Elizabeth's consort



And he was telling the truth. As Prince of Greece and Denmark, he had no surname, for the Royal House of Denmark is one of the very ancient sovereign houses of Europe which carries no patronymic, being listed in the Almanach de Gotha as the House of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg. You can hardly expect as modern a young man as Philip to suffer under the burden of a last name such as that.

During the ensuing weeks we saw a great deal of him. Gradually he dropped his ordinary reserve with me and said that he liked talking to me because he could just be natural. It was at this time he gave me the Italian name for mother —*Madre*.

READING TIME



8 MINUTES

Later, while we were in England, staying with Bea Lillie (Lady Peel), I introduced Philip and Bea's son, the young Sir Robert, and they became fast friends. In fact, the two boys, along with Philip's other pal, David Milford Haven, were always indulging in some amusing escapade. As athletic young men are apt to be, this trio was so energetic they really made a wreck of Bea's house and her nervous system, too.

During the war I continued to correspond with Philip, and his letters always contained the most absorbing accounts. He was no longer the carefree schoolboy I first knew, who used to enjoy climbing up on the roof of Kensington Palace.

David Milford Haven, who was best man at the wedding, once told me how he and Philip, as boys, climbed to the roof of a country estate which had a glass ceiling over the dining room. They were having a hilarious time watching the guests dining below, when David's foot slipped and he would have plunged right through the glass to the banquet table below if Philip hadn't grabbed him.

Philip and David still get into slight mix-ups. On the day of the wedding they both wore the same kind of caps. Since they would be leaving by separate exits, they were afraid that each would get the wrong cap. They spent the last few seconds before the ceremony hunting in Westminster Abbey for slips of paper on which to write their names to insert in the caps; because David's head size is different from Philip's, the Duke of Edinburgh might have gotten into the royal coach with the brim of his cap over his eyes!

Despite the full calendar of appointments for Philip prior to the wedding, he found time to visit and chat with me. I wanted to ask him particularly about his bride. Neither of them will say when they first became betrothed prior to the King's official announcement on July 9, 1947. But Philip admits that it was while on leave from the navy in 1946 and in the romantic setting of the Scottish Highlands.

"You know, Madre," Philip said, "I've always loved Scotland. Of all the schools I attended, I liked best those years I spent at Gordonstoun. I have always loved the shooting, the deer stalking, and the fishing up there."

"Does the Princess enjoy these same sports with you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Elizabeth shot her first royal [a stag with twelve-pointed antlers] two years ago," Philip said, his handsome face lighting up as he proudly described the bride's prowess at shooting, sailing, and riding.

"We both enjoy all these sports, although we have never been sailing together. We also are both very fond of the theater and the movies."

"What is your favorite type of entertainment?" I asked.

"I think we both prefer musicals and mystery," he replied.

He told me that he learned to dance a Scotch reel in two days, just so he could be Elizabeth's partner at an assembly in Edinburgh. He laughed. "And do you know that was harder to do than learning to take command of a ship in battle?"

Philip first saw the Princess at the Coronation, but they did not meet until 1939, at the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth, where the King himself had once been a cadet.

"I had the honor to meet the Princess and escort her around the college, telling her about some of the treasures there and of some of the college customs. That evening, with some of my fellow cadets, we dined aboard the royal yacht."

"Did you begin to correspond after that?" I asked.

"Yes, we did, and of course continued to do so all through the war. Elizabeth, like her great-great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, is fond of writing letters and I always looked forward to hearing from her, especially when I was overseas." Queen Victoria was also Philip's great-great-grandmother.

It was not until after he had left that I realized there were questions I still had wanted to ask. I wrote him a letter, explaining that there were so many things that Liberty readers would like to know, and enclosed a list of questions, which I sent to him.

When I arrived in New York I found his reply from Broadlands, Romsey, Hampshire, where Philip and Elizabeth were honeymooning. He apologized for not having replied sooner. Personally, I was amazed and touched to see such thoughtfulness, but it does show how considerate he is and how carefully he keeps his word.

Here are the brief queries I sent him and his answers:

"During the war did you have any contacts with American men in the armed forces? If so, did you like them?"

"I met only a few naval liaison officers while we were in the Pacific and we got along splendidly together, both aboard their ships and ours, as well as in their clubs ashore. They were so hospitable and I particularly liked their spirit of camaraderie."

"Do you and the Princess want to come to America?"

"It's a wonderful idea."

"Do you think you will come?"

"I have no idea."

"What color of dress do you prefer for your wife?"

"I trust her judgment."

"What dance does she prefer to dance with you?"

"No special one."

"What is your reaction to the international publicity which will continue to be a necessary part of your life?"

"It's all right with me as long as it does any good."

"What do you want to accomplish in life? Is a naval career your ambition?"

"Yes, insofar as I am able."

"Could either one of you cook breakfast if you had to?"

"Yes, both of us could."

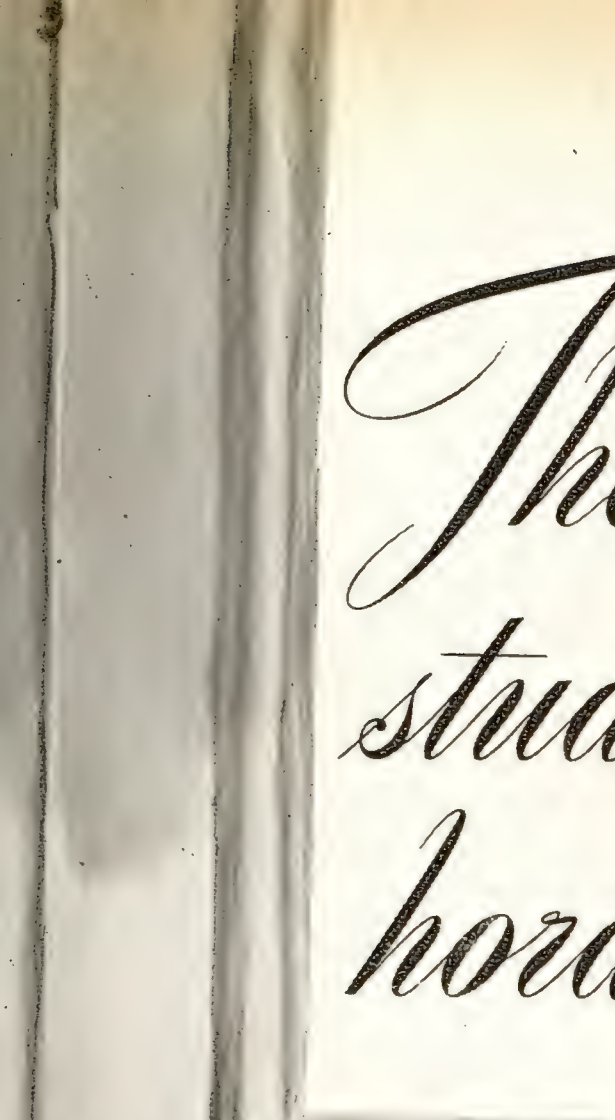
"Do you, like so many young men just marrying, feel that you have a secret, or a recipe for a happy marriage and home life?"

"Yes, dear Madre. COMMON SENSE!" ■ ■



The student horde

A new kind of college love story—attuned to these times when adult passions seek normal outlet in a cloistered, adolescent world



With that last taunting word, Farrell kissed her. Dizzily Joan pulled free.

BY MOSSER MAUGER
ILLUSTRATED BY CARL SETTER

■ He would come; she knew. There was certainty in Joan. She wanted him to come and she did not want him to come. All her life was like that. She had muddled everything.

I ought to pack, Joan thought. He will come and I will be here and I don't want to be here, Joan thought desperately. But she did not move. It was almost eight, with the snowflakes blurring like powdered sugar against the window. He had said he would come at eight, Joan remembered.

He had ambled loosely up to her desk, after class that morning. "I want to see you at eight. Tonight, professor," Christy Farrell said, his expressive eyebrows mocking her seriousness.

She adored him. He possessed magic for her. And that frightened her; that shocked Joan's innate puritan shyness. That would have shocked her father's dreamy fineness. Joan swallowed in her dry throat. He was her pupil. That was all. She must not forget.

I could phone Eric, Joan thought.

"I could phone Eric to come early," Joan said aloud. "I'll tell Eric to come up to my room directly, and not wait downstairs." The dance was at nine. They could go early.

Shatteringly, there was a knock at the polished door.

Joan swung round swifty. "Yes?" she said.

"It's I," Miss Trude said, Beau barking furiously at her heels. "Down, Beau dear, down! I know you're packing, dear. I wondered if I could help," Miss Trude said wistfully.

READING TIME



19 MINUTES

Joan unclenched her small fists. She had beautiful hands, her father's aloof controlled hands. Her father had been a concert violinist, never wholly famous even in the year before his death; sometimes merely a member of a trio —Mark Godden. Yet there had been always enough money for pretty clothes and the best schools, and always a delightful understanding between the shy child and her father. Joan wished her father were here now. He would know what to do. He would know how to escape.

The room was in wild disorder—clothes scattered everywhere, over the bed, the chairs, on the low emerald-cushioned window seat. She had started packing three bags and finished none.

Catching up some of the things, Joan put them in a drawer and opened the door.

Miss Trude said, fluttering her frail hands, "How pretty you look. May we come in?"

"Of course." Joan said unthinkingly. She must not think. Hope drained out of her like confidence out of a freshman after the first two days of class. The clock downstairs in Miss Trude's drawing room chimed eight. He would not come. She was as positive now that he would not come as she had been that he would.

Beau bounced against Joan's feet gravely. He was a Scottie, very plump and coal black. No one dared call him fat in Miss Trude's presence. Joan bent to rub his ears and dropped her crumpled linen handkerchief. The little dog caught it up in his teeth and held it out to her proudly.

"Isn't he a darling?" Miss Trude asked.

"A darling," Joan murmured.

"And you'll be out by seven tomorrow morning," Miss Trude sighed, then apologized: "I thought that's what you said, dear. I'm not trying to rush you. But space is so scarce for the students." (*Continued on page 66*)



BY BEULAH KARNEY
LIBERTY'S FOOD EDITOR

EASTER FEAST

■ This 'time of the year I think about the friendly Old Bean Man. He drove a poky white mare named Sally. Sally pulled the always spick-and-span kitchen on wheels to the singsong of "Boston Baked Beans and Brown Bread."

The Bean Man never cried his peanut-crusted ham. He never had to. No one could bake a ham like the Old Bean Man. A "picnic ham," I should have said, which your butcher will explain comes from the forequarters of a pig instead of the hindquarters. But it's smoked and cured, too. It wasn't so fine, maybe, as the ham Papa brought home and hung in the cool pantry, or the "real" ham in the picture, but it certainly had flavor.

In those days a baked ham was for tourist folks who carried home meals in paper boxes, or so Mama thought, although she would sometimes buy brown bread. Mr. Bean Man would advise her *not* to cut it with a knife but with a string, and for a wonderful treat, fry the rich brown circles in hot butter or ham drippings. I can still remember how the ham tasted, because Mr. Bean Man would give us a taste after serving a sidewalk customer.

Our Easter cake wagon is fashioned in memory of this early friend and his roving kitchen, pretty much as the five of us at home used to build it out of blocks long years ago. Only this time the blocks are made by cutting a white cake that was first baked in a sheet. Then the cake blocks are iced on top and sides. When the icing is thoroughly set, the blocks are stacked.

(*Continued on page 57*)

SARRA

NO POCKETS IN SHROUDS



How would the preacher eulogize

the most hated man in town?

Centerville will never forget that funeral

BY EDDIE CANTOR

■ The little church on the hill was packed to overflowing, for the village had come to attend the funeral of Ezekiah Tucker, the most hated man in the community. What they wanted to learn was how their minister would get around to eulogizing Centerville's "Scrooge." Ezekiah Tucker's name was synonymous with everything miserly and hateful and mean.

READING TIME



7 MINUTES

"The Salvation Army is a fake," he had said. "Who knows what the Red Cross does with their money? Did they ever render a statement?" he would ask.

Then there was the time he had said, "Why should I contribute to underprivileged children? If parents would learn to be thrifty, hard-working, and conservative, there would be no underprivileged children."

Sarah, his wife, was no better liked, for she encouraged him in his selfish and miserly practices. She had come to Centerville one day in her early youth, and married Zeke shortly after. Not much was known about her except that everyone agreed that she and "Old Scrooge" deserved each other.

Inside the church the Reverend Higgins sat in his small study, pondering a difficult assignment. Because of the unusual situation, it was so important that he say the right thing. He picked up his Bible, riffled the pages a little absently. One phrase leaped out from the rest:

He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack: but he that hideth his eyes shall have many a curse.

It was his duty to go out there and speak for this man waiting to be ushered into the kingdom of heaven. He doubted that the people had come only to pay their last respects as was befitting any ordinary individual. For hadn't Mrs. Wheeler, passing his window, remarked, "Nothing on earth could have kept me away from church *today*. I'll stake my house and twenty acres that unless our minister lies about Old Scrooge, he'll never get inside those pearly gates!"

That's why it was so important that he say the right thing about Zeke. Reflectively he turned another page. . . .

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

And what about Sarah now? No children, Zeke gone, not a friend anywhere. He continued to thumb the pages. One passage caught his eye:

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

Reluctantly he rose. There was no putting it off any longer.

Bible in hand, head slightly bowed, he made his way to the pulpit. Expectancy stirred the crowd like a wave.

"My dear friends and neighbors," he be-

gan, "Ezekiah Tucker was not loved by you who are gathered here today to pay your last respects. He was not even liked. He was a man much hated, but wrongfully so."

Reverend Higgins glanced down at the open Bible, and his eyes focused on comforting words:

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.

In a flash it crowded in upon him what he must say. He regarded the mocking upturned faces before him and began with a new assurance.

"While he lived among us, he was not known to be a charitable soul. But that was only a disguise. His one driving ambition was to help others. He didn't want to give in small, insignificant sums. He lived for the day when he knew that his money would achieve a great and important goal."

The minister paused, his eyes resting on the open Bible.

He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

■ Now he regarded the well-known faces and spoke with a slight catch in his voice: "That day has come. Our dear departed brother, who seemed so much the opposite of what he truly was, has left his entire fortune to charity!"

They turned to stare at one another in speechless wonder. "His first wish, a fitting and natural one, was to clear the mortgage on our beloved church. To that purpose he has bequeathed the sum of twenty thousand dollars."

A gasp of surprise from the crowd.

"To our orphanage, the sum of ten thousand dollars for the addition of a much-needed wing. To the Salvation Army, five thousand. For the Boy Scouts, two thousand. A bequest to the Infantile Paralysis Fund. Every single penny he had in this world he has given so that others may live and prosper." He touched the Bible, gazed down at it.

A man's gift maketh room for him, and bringeth him before great men.

He raised his hands in the familiar gesture, spoke in a hushed voice: "Let us bow our heads. . . . And so we give him, dear Lord, into your gracious keeping. . . . He was a good man, and kind, righteous in his own eyes. . . . His days on earth are as a shadow. . . . Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. . . ." His voice droned on: "For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. . . ."

When the last "Amen" was heard, the entire assembly crowded around Sarah.

"Will you forgive us, Sarah? We never knew how wonderful you and Zeke really were!"

"We won't let you be alone now. Sell the farm and come and live with us!"

"There isn't anything we won't do to help you!"

Sarah turned from one to the other in swift succession, her heart almost bursting with a new-found emotion. Were these the people whom she and Zeke had shunned all their lives? How stupid, and how much they had missed in living! She had never known the warmth that sympathy, kindness, understanding, and sharing can give.

Back in his study, the minister looked up hesitantly to find Sarah Tucker standing in the doorway, her eyes shining. He waited for her to speak.

"Thank you," she said softly, "for making Zeke beloved in death as he never was in life. The entire fortune will be turned over to you."

They looked deeply into each other's eyes, their glances locked in mute agreement. For they both knew that Ezekiah Tucker had left no will. ■ ■





Bacall rebelled when master minds once sought to make her over. Said she: "Mouth stays big, hair streaked, teeth crooked."

■ Lauren Bacall showed the first signs of falling in love with screen star Humphrey Bogart in 1937 when she was a stage-struck New York schoolgirl of 13. Her name was Betty Perske then. One afternoon she and her girl friend went to see Marked Woman, in which Bette Davis was co-starred with Humphrey Bogart. "You know what," whispered Betty to her friend, "I'm really crazy about that man; I should be playing opposite him."

Today, at the Warner Brothers studios in Burbank, Lauren Bacall, who prefers to be called Betty Bacall, is playing opposite Bogart for the fourth time. The film is Key Largo, adapted from the Maxwell Anderson play. It is her fifth picture. It is Bogart's forty-eighth. The cast includes Lionel Barrymore, Edward G. Robinson, and Claire Trevor, and the director is John Huston.

The Bogarts, who have been married since May, 1945, live in a small house on a hilltop off Benedict Canyon in Beverly Hills. They bought the house from Hedy Lamarr. It is attractively furnished, with a preponderance of antiques which Betty shops for wherever she goes. In the

READING TIME



3 MINUTES

Buried deep in the contracts that movie stars sign are whopping loads of TNT—talent, neuroses, and temperament

BY LYN DUDDY

■ With more than ten months of intensive preparation and four million dollars invested in State of the Union, producer Frank Capra approached the first day of shooting with nervous apprehension and a terse demand, "Where's Colbert's contract?"

"She won't sign it," replied the star's emissaries. "You didn't include her five-o'clock quitting clause. Miss Colbert always stops shooting at five."

Thus the shadow of five o'clock touched off the *cause célèbre* of the season and, thanks to several hundred eager correspondents, the moviegoing public became aware that a contract bears more than a movie star's legal name.

The Clause anticipates the hazards of movie-making and offers a healthy margin of protection which stars conveniently use like shields during studio battles. Buried in legal phraseology you'll find a healthy dose of cinematic TNT—talent, neuroses, and temperament.

Hollywood's champ clause collector is Joan Crawford. A Crawford contract covers, among other items, a guaranty that the temperature of her studio set shall be maintained at 68 degrees.

Greer Garson's new M-G-M contract calls for a pension of $30,000 a year, effective in ten years. Miss Garson also serves a merry tea on her set each afternoon, promptly at four.

Credit Barbara Stanwyck with negotiating one of the most advantageous clauses in Hollywood history—the right to approve the final print of her new picture under the Hal B.

THE LONG LOOK

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

Lauren Bacall, who once sat on Truman's piano, is sitting prettier than ever these days

back yard Betty raises chickens and ducks with the enthusiasm of a rancher's wife.

On days she isn't working, Betty likes to have friends in for afternoon tea, which includes chocolate fudge cake, a specialty of the house. Betty is always hungry, but regardless of how much she eats, her weight never exceeds 119 pounds. As for clothes, she favors tailored suits. She probably has the largest collection of blouses in Hollywood.

READING TIME



4 MINUTES

A feature of the Bogart home is a Mad Room where Bogey goes when they have had an argument. Betty has twelve enlarged photographs of herself on the walls of the room so he can't forget her while he is letting off steam. On the door of the Mad Room she has tacked up a sign which reads: "Danger! Bogart at work. Do not discuss: Politics—Religion—Women—Men—Pictures—Theater—or anything else."

Between pictures Betty and Bogey live on their boat, the Santana, a 54-foot yawl. For weeks at a time she wears dungarees and goes barefooted. When producer John Ford, another enthusiastic yachtsman, saw her recently at a Hollywood magazine party in his honor, he did a double-take. "Betty, I never saw you in shoes before," he apologized.

Lauren Bacall has probably had more names than any other actress. When she was born in New York City, September 16, 1924, she was named Betty Joan Perske. Her parents separated in 1932 and Betty took her mother's name, Bacal. When she came to Hollywood she added an extra "l" to Bacal and took her grandmother's name, Lauren. She encourages friends to call her Betty. Bogey calls her Betty.

When she was looking for a job on Broadway in her early teens, her friends called her The Windmill because of the way she swung her arms and long, lithe legs. According to Walter Winchell (he did a column on her titled The Bacall of the Wild), George Kaufman, who directed her in a play that never reached Broadway, calls her Little Stinker. When she posed for cheesecake art on top of Harry Truman's piano (he was Vice-President at that time) she became famous as the Girl Who Sat on Truman's Piano. When Hollywood saw her "from-down-under look" in the sex-charged To Have and Have Not, she became The Look.

She can't remember when she didn't want to become an actress.

When she was graduated at 15 from the Julia Richman High School in New York, the yearbook said of her: "Popular ways that win. May your dreams of becoming an actress overflow the brim." It was through George Kaufman that she wangled her first speaking part in a play. That was the play which closed out of town. Later she had small parts in several other plays that flopped. In 1942 she went back to modeling. She made the cover of the March (1943) Harper's Bazaar and caught the eye of Mrs. Howard Hawks, wife of the well-known director. Mr. Hawks brought her to Hollywood a few months later, and after a screen test, Warner Brothers signed her to a seven-year contract.

The studio wanted to do her over. But Betty rebelled. "Mouth stays big, hair stays streaked, teeth stay crooked," she said, "and if you don't like it, get somebody else." They liked it. And there have been no complaints from customers. ■ ■

THE CLUTCHING CLAUSE

Wallis banner. In The Strange Love of Martha Ivers, many Stanwyck scenes were left on the cutting-room floor to accommodate close-ups of that dramatic bombshell, Lizabeth Scott. Some of the eliminated scenes were very interesting, and what Stanwyck had to say to Wallis after witnessing the abridged version of Martha Ivers must have been even more interesting. Fortunately for Wallis, Miss Stanwyck is a thoroughly experienced technician who understands over-all movie values. In the hands of a less democratic artist, this sweeping privilege might well lead to ninety minutes of close-ups.

An incident of international importance resulted from a clause which Alexander Korda granted Paulette Goddard as part of her contract for The Ideal Husband. Miss Goddard insisted that Hedvig Mijordn, her exclusive hairdresser, accompany her to London. That was fine with Mr. Korda, but he reckoned without the local hairdressers' union, which protested that Americans were invading sacred territory. The impasse resulted in a jurisdictional strike that tied up shooting for days. It is to Miss Goddard's credit that she stood her ground and Miss Mijordn was allowed to do the hair styles.

Somewhere in Hollywood at this very moment there's a star working on a jumbo clause that will make all others unnecessary. He has concocted an idea, a fiendishly wonderful idea: A contract that calls for a fat salary plus a clause that says he doesn't have to appear in any of his films. ■ ■

Firesto

NOW

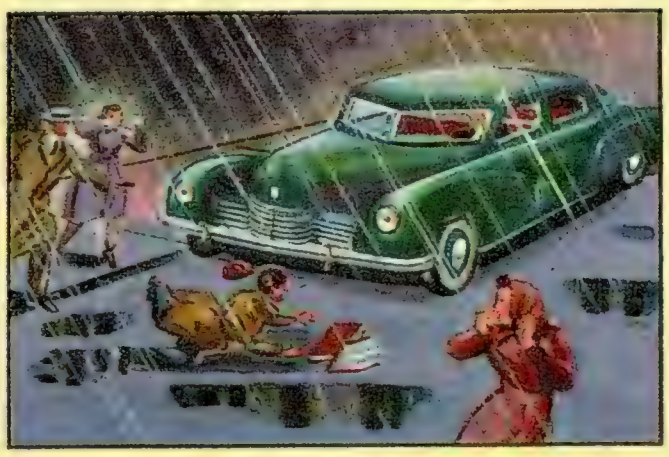
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Exclusive Firestone Skid-Resistors in the tread and larger area of contact with the road provide the greatest protection against skidding ever built into a tire. Revolutionary new construction principles assure cooler running and greater protection against blowouts.



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ne ORIGINATOR OF THE BALLOON TIRE BRINGS YOU SUPER-BALLOON

HERE'S the newest in tires to match the newest n cars! The new Firestone Super-Balloon is a evolutionary new KIND of tire that gives you revolutionary new KIND of ride. Yet, the idea ack of it was conceived by Firestone a quarter of century ago.

Back in 1922, Firestone developed the FIRST alloon tire, which set completely new and different tandards of safety, comfort and long mileage. Now, irestone gives the car owners of America a new ensation in riding and driving luxury with the ew Firestone Super-Balloon.

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Exhaustive tests prove that you can drive more iles at higher speeds with less fatigue. You can op more safely on any road in any weather because f the scientifically-designed Skid-Resistors in the ead and more tread area in contact with the road. his remarkable new tire, which holds more air at lower pressure and which incorporates completely new principles of tread design and body construction, absorbs the shock of hitting rocks, bumps and other objects instead of transmitting the shock to you and your car. It provides amazingly greater stability and enables your car to hug the road on curves. It keeps your car young, too . . . you save money on car maintenance because there are fewer trips to the repair shop to get rid of squeaks and rattles.

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The new Firestone Super-Balloon is truly the tire of tomorrow, a wholly new sensation in restful riding, in non-skid safety, in blowout protection and in longer, more comfortable mileage. Many of the most famous automobile manufacturers will feature it on their 1948 models. And soon you will be able to put new Firestone Super-Balloons on your present car. Watch for them at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

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In addition to giving you long mileage, this tire saves you money on maintenance. Fewer jolts and jars reach your car, so there are fewer trips to the shop for repairs to get rid of annoying squeaks and rattles. This tire keeps your car young; reduces wear and tear on parts.



UNS ON ONLY 24 POUNDS OF AIR



Alert youths such as this member of a model legislature are our future lawmakers.



Democracy will be safe in the hands of these young students of good government.



Model legislatures are teaching our boys and girls how to be lawmakers. In fact, the reforms these young statesmen propose often are so good that they are actually enacted into laws

SEEDBED FOR LEADERSHIP

■ In the Senate of New York, with its red-plush carpet and enormous teardrop chandeliers, in the marble chamber where Jimmy Walker and Franklin D. Roosevelt had won their spurs, a 16-year-old boy was on his feet. "I speak for the younger generation," he was saying, "and we want this bill approved."

As my fellow senators began to nod agreement, for the first time I felt that my bill for premarital medical examinations was going to pass.

"Gentlemen," Irving Birdseye went on in his earnest young voice, "the spirochete, along with rice and old shoes and champagne, is present at many weddings in this state. Each year some 13,000 men and women with syphilis are granted marriage licenses. You have got to stop it."

READING TIME



7 MINUTES

The lad poured on the facts, which he knew by heart. As a member of one of the young people's "model legislatures" sponsored by the Y.M.C.A., he had prepared a corrective bill. I looked into it, liked it, and tossed it just about as he had drafted it into the hopper at Albany. Opposition, of course, had developed among the prudish and the ignorant, and I had asked Birdseye to help.

"Syphilis"—I now heard him say to the senators—"kills over a thousand people in our state alone each year. We (*Continued on page 56*)

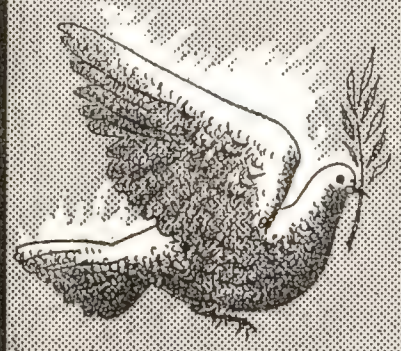
BY THOMAS C. DESMOND

Member of the New York State Senate

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION ~ Reading Time ... One Evening

A guide to confident living











by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale

How to be free from fear and win success.

Here's practical *advice from a man who has successfully guided thousands to happiness.*

A GUIDE TO CONFIDENT LIVING

BY DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

■ *You do not need to be defeated by anything.* Your life can be a great experience. The methods and techniques suggested in this book will work *if you work them.*

Quite possibly you often do feel defeated. Depression settles over you, bringing the disheartening feeling that there isn't much use in fighting on. Probably everybody is tempted to sink into this dull and gloomy attitude occasionally, but not everybody yields to it.

People who achieve happiness and success are those who when they tend to sink into a depressed mood shake it off by refusing to accept the idea of defeat. They refuse to entertain the thought that situations and circumstances, or their enemies, have them down. They know it is the *thought* of defeat that causes defeat, so they practice thinking positive thoughts. They train their minds to think victory. As a result they gain victory.

Basically the inferiority complex—habitually feeling inferior to others—arises from wrong thinking acquired either in childhood or as a result of later experiences. An inferiority complex may be defined as a system of emotionally-toned ideas ranged around one central idea—disbelief in one's self.

Symptoms of an inferiority complex may be recognized by the way you tend to compensate; that is, by the method your subconscious mind uses to make up for inferiority feelings.

There is the type of personality which over-asserts itself. The victim, instead of walking, struts. He is pompous. When he talks it is likely to be in a loud voice. When he discusses any subject, he gives the impression of knowing all there is to know. Beneath his pompous assertiveness he has a profound feeling of inadequacy. His overbearing attitude is the way his mind unconsciously seeks to make up for the inferiority feeling.

In contrast, but from the same cause, there is the under-assertive type. For example, you sometimes meet a man on the links who plays golf very well, but always acts super-modest. He says, "I would like to play, but I'm out of practice and am poor at best. I'm not at all a good golfer." To get him to play you have to coax him. The queer twist here is that the man is egotistic over his humility. A normal person will say, "Sure, I'll be glad to play," and will play the best game he can with relaxed naturalness.

Still another form of compensation is that in which

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a person manifests an inferiority complex by an infantile reaction.

Years ago I worked in a newspaper office in a certain city where I encountered a woman who illustrated this type. She came bristling into the newspaper and actually complained because she did not get her picture in the paper in connection with a society function. After she left the office the city editor said, "I don't understand that woman." That isn't all he said, but that is the part that is printable. At the time I did not understand her, either, but I think I do now. As a baby every time she dropped her rattle, somebody rescued it at once. When she cried for anything she got it. When she became an adult she expected the world to continue to baby her. She is still essentially a baby, with a strong sense of inadequacy. She retreats into an infantile manifestation of inferiority.

A deep inner feeling of inadequacy may manifest itself in an unreasonable desire to dominate. A person who in infancy was over-dominated may in adult life over-compensate by himself seeking to dominate others.

A woman came to interview me because, as she put it, she "could hardly live any more. I am surrounded," she complained, "by people who are constantly in turmoil. I must have peace or I'll go mad." Her home, she said, was "bedlam"—in upheaval all the time. Everybody in her home was nervous—it was a high-strung, tense household.

I asked her to bring her husband to see me, thinking perhaps he might be the cause of this turmoil, but he proved to be a meek, mild-mannered little man. He sat quietly while she did all the talking. Obviously he was a defeated personality. He would even look apprehensively at her before speaking, then speak timorously.

I decided to persuade the members of the family to go away from home one after the other. The children went away first, one after the other; then the husband went off, but nothing happened to change the situation which remained as tumultuous as ever.

Finally I asked the wife to go away for a while.

"Well," she replied, "I don't think that will solve it. If I go away, who will take care of the place?"

"Never mind that," I said. "You just go away. How long have you been married?" She told me, and I said, "Any wife who has been married that long deserves a vacation. Go away somewhere for two weeks."

She went away for a fortnight. When she left home everything calmed down.

"How are things?" I asked the husband.

He whispered, "Wonderful—great." Looking furtively about, he confided, "Everything is marvelous."

After two weeks the wife returned and came in with her husband to talk with me. I said, "We have made an experiment. We sent the three children away one by one and nothing happened. We sent the husband away; nothing happened. We sent the wife away and everything became peaceful."

"Yes," she admitted, "that's what they say." After pondering for a moment, she asked reflectively, "You don't suppose I could be the cause of it, do you?"

At this her husband came to life with magnificent assertiveness, and said, "Yes, Mary, you are the cause."

She turned to him and snapped, "You keep out of this—I'll decide for myself."

"What is my trouble?" she asked.

I liked her; she was honest. She knew the fault lay within herself, and she wanted the answer. When the mechanism of inferiority was described in the light of her reactions, she recognized the accuracy of the diagnosis. She was unconsciously over-compensating for domination she had suffered in childhood.

She asked for guidance in correcting her personality faults. A definite and detailed plan of spiritual technique was outlined for her. She was a forthright character, and she put it into practice, with the result that the situation was completely rectified.

One day she wisely observed, "Perhaps the best way to change a situation is to change yourself."

■ A young man came to see me who said he was having a nervous breakdown. He did not look it; he was a vigorous, healthy person. He was a bit on edge, however, and obviously high-strung. He was not having a nervous breakdown, but was trying to imagine himself into one. He sat in my office reciting one by one the "enormous" difficulties he was then experiencing. I made a few suggestions of an optimistic character, but he immediately leaped upon them and began to tell why they couldn't be done. He was what I once heard a business man refer to as an "obstacle man"—a man adept in finding obstacles.

Finally, I said to him: "It is a shame that life is treating you so badly and that you are a failure. It is too bad, too, that you are breaking down and going to pieces; I feel very sorry for you."

He looked at me in amazement, and then he all but got out of his chair. His manner became aggressive.

"I am not a failure," he snapped. He threw back his head with the air of saying, "I can do things." Indeed, he then did everything but call me names.

"If you would get up each morning and talk to yourself in the mirror just as you are talking now," I

advised, "you would convince yourself that you have strength and power and possibilities within you." I actually urged him to stand before a mirror and talk to himself in just that fashion, and to say out loud the ten tremendous words, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

He actually did just that! His wife told me she was never so amazed as to hear her big, strapping husband talking with himself in the bedroom, standing before a mirror saying to himself, "You can do things. You have brains. God is with you. If God be for you, who can be against you?" She walked in on him and found him thus, to his embarrassment.

That man now has a grip on himself.

Try simple religious practices. They work. You can be rid of your inferiority complex.

■ High tension is a prevailing American malady. A Scotch physician who analyzes us concludes, "You Americans wear too much expression on your faces. You are living with all your nerves in action."

Sometimes our worry over our national tenseness takes a grotesque form. . . . Two women were overheard in a Florida city talking about their troubles, consisting mainly of bad hearts and high blood pressure. It seems that men go about the streets of this city with blood pressure instruments and do quite a business.

One woman asked, "Did you have that man down on blank street take your blood pressure?"

"No, indeed, I did not. He charges 25¢. I had mine taken by the man up on the other street who only charges 15¢," replied the other woman.

A primary factor in tension is mental disorganization. The helter-skelter mind always feels overburdened.

Get the calm selective ability to take up one thing at a time and concentrate upon it. Deal finally with it, if possible, before passing to the next matter. When you organize your mind, a sense of power will come to you, and you will soon wonder at the ease with which you can handle responsibilities. Your capacity for work will increase; so will your pleasure in what you are doing. Strain and tension will subside.

A careful and consistent cultivation of a relaxed mental attitude is important in reducing tension. Athletes know that trying too hard throws them off their timing.

The sports writer, Grantland Rice, reports a conversation with Joe Gordon, then of the New York Yankees. In his first World Series, Gordon said he was "tied up" all the time. "I wanted to make a great record and hit the headlines. As a result I became tense and rigid and did poorly." In the next series Joe Gordon was wiser. He decided to forget he was playing in a World Series. He determined instead to play ball just as he had on the sand lots, "because it is the grandest game in the world," and to have a good time playing. This released the tension in his mind, and therefore in his nerves and muscles. He became a natural player. As a result he made a much better record in the second series; in fact, he was one of the stars.

In a World Series game, "Dizzy" Trout was on the mound for the Detroit Tigers. He wore glasses. He had been ill and without practice for two weeks; and it was so damp before the game that he couldn't limber up his muscles and get relaxed. And yet he had to go into a World Series game before 42,000 fans in a hostile city and pitch.

When things got tense, as they did quite often, he simply took off his glasses and wiped them painstakingly, while 42,000 people watched expectantly and the batter at the plate fidgeted. Then he put on his glasses, and began pitching, and one by one the Cubs struck out.

There's calmness for you! Some wag remarked that all of the Chicago Cubs would wear spectacles the next season.

Whatever your work may be, give your job your best; work hard, slight nothing, take everything in your stride; stay relaxed. Don't try too hard for effect; do not strain for success.

I learned this basic truth from a redcap in a Chicago station. I was on my way to speak in a city in Western Illinois, and had three "important" calls to make in Chicago between trains, but my train from New York got later and later. I paced the corridor and fumed and fretted. I worked myself into a fair-sized dither. Finally the train rolled into the grimy, cavernous terminal. I was the first man off, and luckily secured a porter, as I had two heavy bags.

"Please bring those bags quickly," I directed. "I am in a terrible hurry."

I started at high speed down the platform. Conscious that he was not following, I turned impatiently. "Come on, I'm late." But there stood the porter calmly looking at me.

"Where you steamin' for, brother?" he asked me. "That ain't no way to make time." Then he said, "Just walk on ahead and I'll come along and there won't be two minutes between us." I slowed down as admonished and walked along beside his truck. He turned and gave me a big smile and said, "I'se livin' de relaxed life. . . . Take it easy, boss," he advised. "You can do a lot in a



short time if you just go along easy at it. Besides," he concluded, "you'll live longer."

"Thanks, my friend," I said, rather humbly. "I happen to be a minister, and I will preach this idea to my congregation. Do you go to church?"

"Yes, indeed, suh, I sure does; and" (here he finished me completely) "I tries to practice what I hear there."

So I slowed down, made my calls, and had time to spare, but I was tired before I got started. Much of the energy needed for the day had been nervously dissipated by tension. Relaxation is best secured by remembering that "Easy does it." Practice using the light touch and you will be surprised to find that success comes easily.

Sometimes our personal attitudes cause inner tension. A man told me that he would willingly trade his annual two-weeks vacation from his job for a two-weeks vacation from himself. Unfortunately that cannot be. We have to live with ourselves whether we like it or not, so the best course is to get so we can like it.

Relax the body. To do this allow your head to fall back against the head rest of your chair. Let it drop back easily, not in any sense rigid, but as though the head were falling off your shoulders. Then stretch out your feet as far as possible, and push your toes beyond that, as far as you can extend them. Raise the arms and let them fall limply and naturally by the side. Allow your hand to fall upon your knee, like a wet leaf on a log. What is more relaxed than a wet leaf on a log!

Sit loosely in the chair with every muscle relaxed, allowing the chair to bear the full weight of the body so that if the chair were removed the body would fall inertly to the floor.

After the body has been relaxed, relax the mind. We have a marvelous gift which we call imagination. By it you can take a vacation trip without paying for a ticket or moving from your own home.

Imagine that you are, for example, in the north woods, peacefully sitting with your back to a tree. The atmosphere is redolent of pine and cedar and hemlock. All is quiet, save the natural sounds of the forest. Before you is a lake, its blue waters unruffled, except for the occasional leap of a fish. Looking through the trees you can see in the far distance great mountains, lost in a mystic haze of blue, shouldering out the sky. The sunlight is falling mellow and warm upon the earth, splashing down through the trees and dancing on the water of the lake.

Relax the soul by the exercise of spiritual thinking. Fix the mind on God. Think of God in whatever terms He is most understandable to you. People have many differing conceptions of God. When the name of God is spoken different minds instantly form varying pictures. But think of God in terms of His kindliness, His watchful care, His compassion and understanding.

Most people suffer tension because they keep their minds stayed or fixed at the far level of their personal troubles and anxieties.

■ "Where do you get your successful ideas?" I asked a famous businessman. We were in his library.

"Upstairs in a little room," he answered. "Would you like to see it?"

He led me to a small room furnished with only a table and two chairs. Simple yet exquisite drapes hung at the windows. On opposite walls were two pictures, one of the Matterhorn capped with snow; the other of a swiftly flowing, sun-speckled trout stream, rushing over smooth stones and into deep pools. "Both pictures," he said, "represent peace. One portrays peace immovable, the other peace movable. Both aspects are necessary to the proper contemplation of peace."

On the table was a pad, several pencils and a Bible.

"Here is where I get my ideas," he said.

He explained that his method is to come home from his office well in advance of the dinner hour and shut himself in this little room. He seats himself in an easy chair and consciously and deliberately relaxes his body. Next he reads from the Bible, selecting passages dealing with quietness, serenity, peace of mind. He knows where to find these quickly and I noticed that they were underscored.

The next procedure is to write down the particular problem upon which he wanted insight. It may be a business problem, or some personal matter, or a domestic quandary. "Writing down an idea tends to clarify it," he declared. When he has put down on the paper everything he can think of in connection with the problem, he then studies and considers it. The final procedure takes the form of a prayer.

"Then," he said, "I leave the room and put the problem out of mind. I then spend the evening reading or conversing with friends. The answer may come in the midst of a conversation or I may be awakened in the night with the answer clearly in mind. Sometimes I may have to repeat this process several times, but," and he emphasized this with great earnestness, "whenever I have practiced this method of thinking, the right answers to my problems always come. The answer has not always been what I expected or wanted, but the answer I have received has been the right one when judged by the ultimate results."

This man had discovered that the ultimate in the art of thinking is the spiritual touch. He had learned how to think creatively. His emotional, spiritual and intellectual energies joined to deliver ideas that were sound and practical.

It has been said, "A man is what he eats." A deeper truth is, a man is what he thinks. The wisest of all books says, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." As a man thinks habitually in his conscious and subconscious mind, that is what he becomes.

Some people allow fear to become their primary thought. Fear usually begins as a thin trickle of worry across the mind. Repeated over many days, it becomes habitual until it cuts a deep channel across the consciousness. Every thought a man, to whom this has happened, thinks—about his family, about his business, about his health, or about the world—is colored by the basic and primary thought of fear and comes up tinctured with anxiety and insecurity.

To counteract this condition substitute a different and stronger basic thought. The only primary thought that can successfully oppose fear is faith or the positive thought. Only faith is stronger than fear.

Faith, too, begins as a thin trickle across the mind. Repeated, it becomes habitual. It cuts deeply into the consciousness until finally (to use a crude figure) you have two basic channels of thought—one of fear, and one of faith. But fear can never defeat faith. As you deepen the channel of the faith thought, the channel of the fear thought finally dries up. The faith thought overflows and becomes the deep, flowing, primary thought of the mind.

You will now have a deep, positive conviction that life is good. Shadows which once frightened you and obstacles which once defeated you flee away and are overcome. Physically you may be the same person, but mentally you are living in a different world. Actually you are a different person because you are thinking differently. You are what you think about all day long. But your thoughts now give you power and are leading you to happiness and success.

A thought, properly employed, possesses a healing property. Physicians today are emphasizing "psychosomatic" medicine; psycho—of the mind, and soma—of the body. They study the effect of thought or emotion upon physical states. A wise man has bodily checkups to keep himself in physical health. Why not checkups for mental health?

The church may serve as a kind of reconditioning center where a person can submit his mind for an overhauling and get it put back into order. Contrary to a popular misconception, psychiatry does not deal with pathological cases, but may be defined as a science which helps to keep normal people normal. The cure is often effected by the simple application of spiritual and psychiatric treatment.

■ A New York City businessman came to my church clinic. He was a successful man holding a rather important position. His expenditure of nervous energy was immense. He felt depleted in energy and had little strength and no zest. His mind was haunted by interlocking obsessions.

"I have an awfully hard time getting up," he said, "and when I do, I am disagreeable and unhappy until about eleven. Then I manage to perk up and do pretty well for a few hours."

"What time do you get up?" I asked.

"Around nine. I have a wonderful wife. She serves my breakfast in bed."

"Now isn't that sweet!" I said. "She comes in and says, 'How are you, sweetheart,' doesn't she?"

"Yes," he said, "how did you know?"

"And what do you do? You groan, 'Oh, I feel so terrible!' Then she puts her soft hands lightly on your brow, and says, 'That's all right, sweetheart, you just lie there and I will bring you up some breakfast.' "

"Yes, that's what she does. Isn't that wonderful?"

"You haven't a wife. She is acting like a mother, babying you," I said.

"The doctor says there is nothing wrong with me except my mind," he continued. "He says I'm a victim of self-pity as a result of wrong thinking."

"Your doctor is right," I said. "You need to have your mind reconditioned. I suggest that you pray and ask for strength—then believe that strength is being given you. Tomorrow morning when your wife comes into your room and asks how you are, give her a crisp, healthy answer. Say to her, 'I feel new strength—through God's help I know I'm all right.' Then get out of bed, and go singing in to shave."

"She would die of a heart attack," he said.

"Get downstairs," I continued, "and eat breakfast at the table. Get started to your office by nine o'clock." I thought it ought to be eight-thirty, but I didn't want to be too hard on him.

"That wears me out to think about it," he said.

"It's your thoughts that wear you out," I explained. "But you won't be tired if you conceive of God's energy as being yours."

I did not see him for quite a while. Then one day I met him on the street.



"Do you remember that mental conditioning business you told me about?" he asked. "Well, all the way down the street that day I thought, 'That man Peale is a fool. Mental conditioning—affirming I feel fine; of all the crack-brained notions.' Then I got to thinking maybe I really was not as bad off as I had been assuming. A few mornings later I was certain I felt better. My wife came in and said, 'How are you?' 'Fine,' I answered, 'marvelous!' I leaped out of bed, swept her off her feet, kissed her and set her down hard, and went singing in to shave. You never saw such an expression on anybody's face. And—I had a good day and have been practicing your idea ever since."

■ An important factor in the achievement of success is the art of original and creative thinking. The average person does not trust his own mind to create for him the ideas which he needs. Business firms are beginning to realize the importance of creative thinking and in some instances have actually employed men for the sole purpose of thinking. They are not research men, but thinking men. Their job is to study the business, fill their minds full of it and then trust their minds to deliver fresh and creative ideas.

It is said that John D. Rockefeller, Sr., once employed a man at twenty-five thousand dollars a year whose job was to sit in a swivel chair and think up new ideas for the business. A jealous person complained to Mr. Rockefeller, "Why do you pay that fellow twenty-five thousand dollars a year for swivelling around in a swivel chair and staring out the window?"

Mr. Rockefeller said, "If you can think up as many good ideas as he does, I will give you twenty-five thousand dollars a year and a swivel chair."

Do not conclude, however, from this incident that every man who swivels around in a swivel chair is worth twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Many are merely engaging in intellectual free wheeling.

If you do honest and thorough intellectual work, the next step is to relax your mind, trusting it to sort the material and deliver insights and solutions to problems. The best kind of thinking is that which is done unconsciously after conscientious study and preparation.

In one industry a "silent room" has been set aside for executives where without books or other paraphernalia they may have solitude to practice the art of creative thinking.

Dr. Frederick Kettner, authority on youth training, considers the practice of creative silence a vital part of education. Silence brings about remarkable changes in young people. He makes the unique suggestion that the architecture in the modern age should include a "silence" room in each home where man can figuratively wash his brain and heart. Many modern homes include a "rumpus" room, primarily intended for the children. Judging from current domestic situations, it would seem that there are altogether too many "rumpus" rooms in homes. We need more "silence" rooms.

A successful sales manager says it isn't necessary to have a room in which you may go apart; one may practice the art of retirement into mental quietness even in the midst of confusion. His method is to remove his glasses and put his hands over his eyes for a half minute. In this half minute he deliberately thinks of a peaceful scene, such as the place he fished last summer, or a mountain view. Having allowed this picture to flash into his mind, he then says quietly to himself the following words, repeating the sentence several times, "Peace is flooding my mind, my body, and my soul." He declares that he feels peace flowing in upon him by the act of conceiving it as doing so. Dullness and haziness lift and energy and new perceptions are given him.

An outstanding investment banker in New York told me that he considers the reading of the Bible the most valuable method of clarifying and stimulating his mind.

Recently he went to another city on an important banking mission. For two hours of his journey he studied business reports affecting the negotiations. For the next hour, he said, "I read St. Paul—mark you, not merely for spiritual values, but primarily for the stimulation of my mental processes. Finally I had fifteen minutes of relaxing prayer and meditation, after which I went to sleep. Upon arrival at my destination, I did not try to sell the people anything they did not want or need. I merely laid all the facts before them as I had thought them out. I then returned to New York. Two days later I had on my desk a large amount of business."

Had no financial results materialized he would have been satisfied with the knowledge that he had done all within his power.

"You really think that this practice has clarified your thinking?" I asked.

"I do not think it, I *know* it," he answered firmly.

Early one morning I arrived at the Grand Central Station in New York and took a taxi to my home. The driver proved to be a very happy and friendly man.

"You're up bright and early this morning," I commented.

"Oh!" he replied, "I am here every morning at this time; that is, every morning except Sunday."

"And what do you do on Sunday?" I asked.

"Why, what do you suppose?" he replied. "I go to church." He stopped for a traffic light. "That isn't the whole of it," he said. "I sing in the choir also. I like the old hymns, don't you?"

Upon my agreement, he suddenly offered, "Would you like me to sing a hymn for you?"

This was astonishing, but one learns to expect almost anything in New York, so I said, "Yes, I would like to hear you sing."

At this he broke into one of the old hymns, which he sang in a clear tenor voice as we rolled down Fifth Avenue.

When he had finished I complimented him, and then asked, "Have you a good minister in your church?"

"A good minister!" he exclaimed. "We have the best in New York and I don't mean maybe!"

This pleased me, for I always like to meet a man who is enthusiastic about his minister. Just then he went past my own church at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street.

"There is where I go to church," I told him.

"Is that so?" he replied. "Do you have a good minister there?"

"Well," I said, "only so-so; you see, I happen to be the minister myself."

This unexpected information nearly caused him to run up on the sidewalk.

"I guess I took in too much territory back there," he said.

When we arrived at my home we chatted for a minute.

"I'll tell you why my minister means so much to me," he said. "I haven't always been a taxi driver. I had a good business once, but it went down in the depression. I knew that God had a plan for me, and He didn't fail me. My minister got me into the taxi business. He said, 'Bill, running a taxi is the same as operating any business. If you give good service, if you are friendly, if you treat people right and trust in God, you will get along, and you'll have a good time doing it.'

"My minister told me that every morning when I went over to the garage to get my cab, *before I started out* I was to bow my head over the wheel and dedicate my day's work to God and to people. That may sound pious, but I want to tell you that I have made a good living. What's more, I have had a wonderful time, and I am very happy; happier than I have ever been before."

I say without qualification there was a man who combined good business practices with his religion, and was a success in life.

■ I am not straining to be paradoxical when I say that to be happy and successful you must cultivate the ability to say to yourself—forget it!

The ability to retain information and experience is of vital importance. But it is a more subtle art to be able to cast out of the mind—or at least from a commanding place in it—failures, events, unhappy things that should be forgotten. To be efficient, to be happy, to have full control of your powers, and to go ahead successfully, you must learn how.

I know a top executive, who has risen by hard effort and marked ability to an important position, but he will not hold it unless he learns to forget. He is a man of considerable rigidity and wants everything to be just so. His wife died recently. He thinks of her as the finest person he ever knew. But she was rather carefree, while he was rigid.

Perhaps she wasn't quite as good a housekeeper as she might have been, and that annoyed him. Now she is gone and he remembers only his criticisms. He is haunted by remorse, by regret, by the memory of little complaints he made.

I warned him that if he does not learn to forget, then the heavy burden of regret will deteriorate him. She lived her life. She knew that he loved her . . . For this man the future of his life depends upon whether he can put these regrets in the past and go forward.

The Bible contains the formula for forgetting: "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark . . ." (Philippians 3:13-14). This formula contains the secret of how to forget and go ahead.

"This one thing I do." The man who said this was resolutely disciplining his thoughts and controlling them. At the precise minute that a man determines to control his thoughts, he is on the way to self-mastery.

Mrs. Peale was at a meeting out on the plains of the West, representing one of the denominational boards of our church of which she was president. People came from miles around to this meeting, and all stayed for a church dinner. There had been a drought and much privation among the farmers of the plains. She sat across the table from a hard-bitten old North Dakota farmer.

She asked him, "How are the crops this year?"



"The crops—well, I guess there aren't any crops this year," he replied.

She asked, "How is that?"

"Well," he said, "first we had grasshoppers—they ate up nearly everything. Then came a dust storm that destroyed what was left. But I was lucky. I got in five per cent of my crop, but my brother, who lives near me, didn't get in anything."

The devastation was so awful that she sat awestruck and finally asked, "How do you feel about that?"

"Oh," said he, "I don't think about it any more. You see—I aimed to forget it."

This farmer had not enjoyed the benefit of the schools or other advantages, but for years he had gone to a little church on the plains. The winds swept against it, the snow piled deep around it in winter. It was seared by the heat of the summer and the rains of the spring and the autumn beat against it. It had rough, wooden benches and old worn hymnbooks, but there he heard some very wise words, "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, I press forward to the mark." The old man had found it a solid philosophy in disciplining the mind. He "aimed to forget." He may have lost that one crop but he saved himself.

Of course, some people can do that by force of will, but most people are not endowed with any tremendous power of will. It is very difficult to eject a thought by merely saying, "begone." Often such an attempt only tends to fix a thought more firmly in the mind. One must be more subtle. The secret is to substitute thoughts. *Expel one thought by substituting a more powerful thought.*

Long-held grudges, deep-seated hates form impenetrable obstacles to the flow of power through a personality. Many people are ruining their efficiency, making themselves miserable and in fact destroying any possibility of a happy future, simply because they will not forget insults, slights, or unfairness.

A man came to me with the complaint that "he simply had to get some peace inside of him." He could not sleep nights. He was nervous and tense.

In our church clinic we went over his attitudes, his daily schedule, and his general practices of thought and action. All checked well except one thing. He had what amounted to almost a hatred for certain competitors in his particular business. It happened that most of these men were of another race and religion and there was some prejudice mixed up in the matter, but mostly it was merely personal conflict, jealousy, ill-will and unforgiveness.

I assured him he could be cured if he would follow the spiritual prescription I would give him. He replied that he would follow it, but almost broke his promise when the prescription was outlined. "For the next two weeks," I said, "you are to pray twice a day for each of your competitors by name. You are not to pray for yourself at all during this period. You are to pray that each of these men shall do a bigger business this year than you do."

"Why," he shouted, "that would be a big lie."

"Not in the mind of your true self," I replied. "You must get rid of the attitude of mind that is defeating you. You must learn to forget, and the only way to do it is to pray yourself into good-will if the poisons of ill-will are to be eliminated."

Grudgingly he promised to carry out this procedure, and he did. He reported afterward that for the first week it was a very painful process.

"Imagine it," he said, "my praying and asking that those good-for-nothing highbinders should go past me in business. But what do you know! As I kept at it, one day when I was praying, of a sudden I felt better inside. I felt light as a feather and happy and experienced such relief as you have no idea."

Now, months later, he tells me that he has even learned to like the men he formerly hated. He had a block that was causing a lessening of power in his mind. Had he kept on with this hatred, he would probably have become a sick man. Many people would find if they would honestly trace it back in their minds that much of their nervousness, irritability, even physical ills are caused by personal conflict and hate that they will not forget.

Walk away from things that are over and past and cannot be helped. Reach forth to the things that are before. Take your lesson—make yourself wiser. Avoid useless post-mortems on past mistakes. Forget them and go ahead.

Whatever has happened, it makes no difference what, there are only two things to do: (1) do everything that you reasonably can about it; (2) then practice forgetting it. If in addition to present problems, you pile high on your memory past actions that are now outdated, you will stagger through life under an impossible load.

A high ranking Army officer came to my office. He paced the floor, he wept. He was a big, fine-looking man, and he apologized for weeping. I went out of the room and said, "Go ahead, cry it out." When I returned he said, "My life is ruined." He had been drinking considerably.

"I tried to forget it by drinking," he explained, "but couldn't, so I went out and got into a taxi and said to the driver, 'Take me to a church.' "

"What church?" the taxi driver asked.

"Any church," the officer replied.

"Catholic or Protestant?" asked the driver.

"Protestant preferably, but any church. Take me to a house of God," was the man's reply. And the taxi driver brought him to our church.

"Well," I asked, "what is the matter?"

"I was never cut out for this military business," he explained. "I hate it with all my heart. I am a farmer and all my life I have loved growing things, I love life, I hate the destructiveness of war. I have seen it all, I have been through the most terrible experiences, things I shall never be able to forget," he replied.

"What is the main thing you won't forget?" I asked.

He replied, "One American soldier had shot another and I sat on the court and we voted him death. As long as I live I shall never cease to see the face of the kid, when one of his own American officers read the sentence that he was to die. I shall never forget his face."

"You thought you did your duty, didn't you?" I said.

He replied, "Yes."

I continued, "The boy is dead, isn't he?"

"Yes," said he.

"You can't bring him back," I told him. "You as a representative of the sovereign rights of a nation passed judgment upon him. It was part of your duty as a soldier."

I said, "My friend, it is done. Why don't you look at that face that you say you will never cease to see and say, 'Son, I want to live for you as I live for myself, and in the long years that are to come, if there is anything wrong with the whole military system, I will do my utmost to correct it. I will live for your country and mine and the things for which you died.' "

The act had been irrevocable. He could not go back and restore the boy to life. This officer had to walk away from it, whether it was a mistake or not. The cure consisted of forgetting that which was passed, and also of reaching forth unto the things that are before. He picked up his hat, there was a look of peace on his face and he said, "I see it. I have something greater than I realized to live for."

An eminent psychiatrist once stated to me that in his opinion the wisest psychiatric statement ever made was the words from Ephesians, "Having done all, stand." These words were uttered many generations ago by one of the most astute minds history has ever produced, a man named St. Paul.

The psychiatric, curative value of St. Paul's statement is based on the simple process—do the best you can. Do all you can. Give a proposition or a problem or a situation all the energy both physical and mental of which you are capable. Leave no stone unturned. Exercise all your ingenuity and efficiency, then realize there is nothing further that you can do about it; therefore there is no use fretting, worrying, or engaging in mental post-mortems; no use rehashing or going over the situation. You have done all you can do, therefore *stand;* that is, do not allow yourself to be upset; trust God and trust what you have done. It will come out the way it ought to come out if you will just leave it alone.

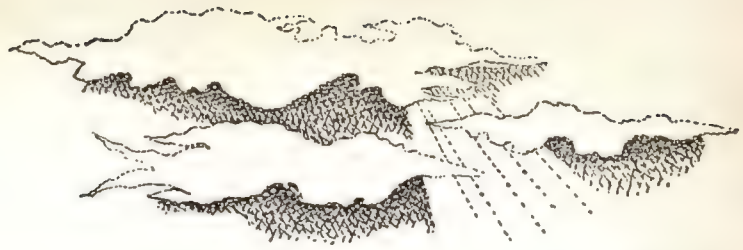
■ "The commonest and subtlest of all human diseases is fear," says a distinguished physician.

Normal fear is both necessary and desirable. It is a mechanism designed for our protection. Without normal fear a person cannot be a well organized personality. He would be lacking in ordinary and sensible caution. Normal fear prevents us from taking chances, from doing hazardous and foolish things.

But the line of distinction between normal and abnormal fear is very finely drawn. Before one realizes, he may step across the line from normal fear into the dark and shadowy regions of abnormal fear. And what a terror abnormal fear is! It disturbs your days and haunts your nights. It is a center and source of complexes. It tangles the mind with obsessions. It draws off energies, destroys inner peace, blocks power. It reduces one to ineffectiveness and frustrates ambitions.

Abnormal fear can be cured. But the only power that can counteract it is the power of faith. Faith is ordinarily thought of as theological, as the acceptance of a creed. We also think of faith as an intellectual proposition, an assent to an idea. But there is another meaning to faith. It is something alive and active. It is a vital substance like sunlight, like the violet ray, like the growth of our beings. Faith is not only theological and intellectual, but also acts as a medicine. That is to say, it is a healing property for the mind, the soul, and often the body as well.

How is medicine taken? Ordinarily through the mouth or by injection into the blood stream, but there are other entrances through which medicine may be inserted. One is through the eye. For example, pick up the Bible and read some of its great words. A reflection is made on the retina of the eye. This image changes into the form of an idea: a positive idea of faith. The idea passes through the mind until it arrives



at the infection point caused by fear. There it throws its healing influence around the center of infection. It drives off infection and finally through the therapeutic operation of a spiritual idea the diseased idea is cast from the mind. A powerfully healthy idea has driven out an unhealthy idea.

Again, you may take spiritual medicine through the ear. Go to church. Hear the Bible read. Listen to the sermon. Sound waves fall upon your ear and are admitted into the brain in the form of a spiritual idea. By a similar process the healing idea makes its way to the diseased center and engages in battle with the fear thought. By reason of its superior power, faith drives fear out and takes possession.

The mind having been cleansed, the center of infection heals rapidly until a normal condition again prevails. This may be a curious way of describing the effects of faith in the mind, but this concept of faith as a vital healing agent has worked for so many that its validity is proven.

The world is filled with worried, anxious people, who are made so because of the thoughts they habitually think. That the technique of faith eliminates fear many can testify.

■ "The first time I jumped from a plane," a paratrooper told me, "everything in me resisted. All there was between death and me was a piece of cord and a little patch of silk, but when I actually found out for myself that the patch of silk would hold me, I had the most marvelous feeling of exultation in all my life. I wasn't afraid of anything and the release from fear filled me with exquisite delight. I really did not want to come down; I was actually happy."

Fear defeats us because we are unwilling to put our trust in what we regard as an ethereal thing, namely, faith in God, but like the paratrooper, when we leap out, trusting to faith, we find that this mystic and apparently fragile thing actually holds us up.

This is an important truth, but I must confess that it took me years to learn it and even longer to be willing to practice it. Strange how we can have at hand the formula that can mean so much, yet we will not take this attitude: "I will do all that I can do about any problem. Beyond that I shall trust in God and know my faith will hold me up."

The second ingredient in the medicine against fear is love. Love is one of the most misunderstood and misused words in the English language. Hollywood and current fiction have made of it a sticky, even questionable sentiment. It has been made synonymous with sex. But love is not that at all. It is a strong, dominant, curative emotion or force. It is the power by which we make transference to other people and through which they help us.

Love is the natural, naïve, basic relation that a human being should have with God. When he does, he can move through this world unafraid. He believes that someone is with him who loves him. He knows that he can trust this someone to protect him and watch over him.

It might be a good idea in church to take up not one collection, but two. Very large baskets might be used for the second collection, the ushers bringing them down the aisles. The people might be asked to put not money but their fears in these baskets. When all the fears had been gathered up, let the ushers bring these baskets to the altar. They would be so heavy now that the ushers would stagger under them, but what a sense of release would be in that congregation!

But do you know what would happen after the benediction? The people would start out and then one by one with sheepish grin they would turn and come back to the basket in which each had placed his fear and fish around until he had found it. People are so used to their fears that they would feel homesick without them. People become such victims of fear that they are afraid to walk away from them.

But when a man affirms, "I love God, He has been good to me and I can trust Him, so I am going to put my fear in His hands and walk away from it," that man will find release.

If you are worrying about something, practice this little formula before you start out tomorrow morning. Stop for a minute and say, "God is with me. He loves me. I can trust Him. So I will do my best and I won't be afraid." You can depend upon this to work, after you have practiced it for a few days. Make this an automatic procedure and it will release a tremendous power against fear in your personality.

Obviously the reason we have fear is because we develop an unsound or tangled mind. The unsound mind develops in various ways. It often begins in childhood when parents unconsciously implant their own fears and anxieties in the child's mind.

It also develops from the breakdown of morals so widely prevalent today. People get the idea that the Christian moral code no longer prevails and that they may violate it with impunity. They learn to their sorrow that what we call sin is, in reality, a wound in the mind. Sorrow, for example, is a clean wound. It hurts, it cuts deeply, but it will heal because there is no

infection in it. But sin is an unclean wound. It is a foreign substance invading the mind and the mind tries to close around it but it cannot; it becomes infected.

Men will sometimes break down and attribute the disaster to overwork, and it may be that; but often the real cause may be the infection-drain of a sense of guilt. Out of this state of infection rise the ghosts which haunt a man's mind. These ghosts fill him with fear and his mind becomes so tangled with obsessive notions, reactions and impulses that everything is tinctured with fear.

If you were to open up a fine watch and push a pebble into the works, people would think you were demented. Yet people do an equally destructive thing to their minds. It has got so that if anyone tries to dissuade people from committing this offense against themselves, he is termed an old fogy or mossback.

I have observed over a period of years in the religio-psychologio clinic of our church that a very large number who come to us for treatment are people afflicted with a sense of guilt. It is curious how many of those who come are on the young side of life, that is, under forty. Fear is their main trouble. Often the basic cause is that having departed from moral living they have become victims of a sense of guilt.

They are afraid that they will be found out. They are afraid of the future. They have lost confidence in themselves. They are afraid of other people. They have become victims of blind, unreasoning, fundamental fear. They have a psychosis. They throw the lie right back in the face of the unsophisticated novice in life who tells them that they must be "emancipated." There is only one way to be emancipated and that is through the discipline of spiritual morality. Follow that and you will not be afraid of man nor the devil. Your mind will be sound, stable and rational.

How is the "unsound mind" cured? Analysis oftentimes is helpful. When you understand why you react in a certain way, improvement often begins at once. Self-knowledge leads to self-improvement. The practice of spiritual formulas is helpful. One of the great needs is for people to know the "how" of practicing the spiritual life.

There came to our church clinic a successful New York businessman who was haunted by fear. The strain was breaking him down.

He had started attending church, which he had not done for a long time. Then he came for an interview. He thoroughly cleansed his mind by confession. But his fears had continued for so long that he could not let them go. God had forgiven him, but he had difficulty forgiving himself.

He called upon me about every fortnight. I told him there was nothing to be afraid of. He would leave with his mind at rest, but two weeks later the fears would return and he would be back again.

I finally said to him, "You fail to get rid of this state of fear because you are always asking God to remove it, yet not believing that He is doing so. You are an expert asker, but a poor receiver. What good do you accomplish by asking continuously, yet never practicing the art of receiving?"

I asked him to put his watch on a table before him and, keeping his eyes on the watch, to pray for two minutes, asking God to take his fear away. He objected, "How can I pray with my eyes open?"

"Do you always pray with your eyes shut?" I asked.

"Certainly."

"Well," I observed, "your prayers with your eyes shut apparently haven't done you much good. Don't be stereotyped. Try praying with your eyes open."

Rather sheepishly he kept his eyes on his watch and for two minutes asked God to remove his fears. When the two minutes were up, he said, "Amen."

"Now," I directed, "say another prayer for two minutes, but this time thank God for doing what you asked: namely, for taking your fear away."

"Why!" he exclaimed. "Has He taken my fear away?"

"You asked Him to, didn't you?" I said. "According to the formula, your fear is gone—if you will let it go. You must make your mind accept the great thing God has done for you. So, for the next two minutes thank Him."

■ This was three years ago. Recently I saw the man again. "I'm away ahead of you," he boasted. "Nowadays I ask God for only one-half minute to help in solving a problem; and I thank Him for three and one-half minutes."

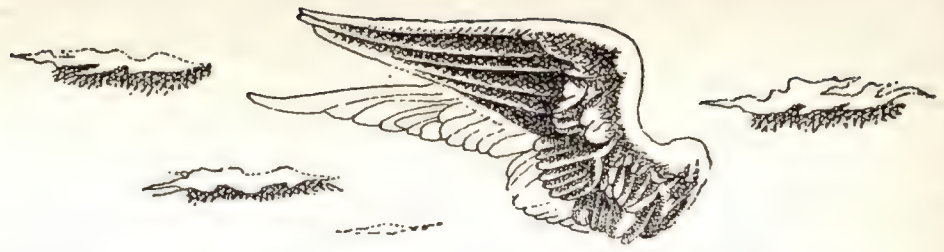
"Do you still use the watch?" I asked in surprise.

"Of course! You told me to, didn't you?"

The watch was merely a symbol, I explained. Symbol or no, he said he was going to "stick to the watch."

If you do not find help in your usual religious practices, why not try such a simple formula as I have described? Simplicity is the essence of spiritual power.

A young woman telephoned me one day during wartime. Her husband was overseas, and so sure was she that something would happen to him that she had a bad case of nerves amounting almost to panic. She was in New York, away from relatives and friends;



having no one else to turn to, she appealed to me as a minister.

"What shall I do?" she kept repeating. "It would kill me to lose my husband."

"How old are you, young lady?" I asked over the telephone.

"Twenty-six."

I thought I heard a child's voice, so I asked, "Have you a youngster there?"

"Yes, a two-year-old girl," she replied.

"Is she upset and worried like yourself?"

"Why, of course not!" she answered.

"How do you explain her lack of nervousness?"

She hesitated. "Why, because she's only a baby. Besides, she has me, her mother, with her. I suppose she just puts her trust in me and lets me do the worrying."

"Have you an easy chair close by?" I said. "If so, please draw it up to the telephone and sit down."

After a moment she reported that she had done so.

"Now put your head back," I directed. "Relax your body and take three deep breaths."

For the first time, she laughed a bit, then asked dubiously, "Shall I really?"

"I suppose it does sound queer," I admitted, "but three deep breaths taken in and completely exhaled relieve tension.

"Next," I continued, after she told me she had followed these directions, "take your little girl on your lap. Now try to think of yourself as a child in relationship to God. As your child puts her trust in you, her mother, so may you, by concentrating upon it, put your trust in your Heavenly Father. Put your husband—put all three of you—in God's care. Practice this simple procedure until peace comes to your mind."

She promised. After church the following Sunday a young woman came up to me and said, "I'm the one who telephoned you about being nervous. I tried your method, and it works. I have control of myself now and I know I won't get panicky again."

Then she added, "I always thought religion was a vague sort of thing—just something you believe in. I'm beginning to see that it really works."

Don't settle down to live permanently with your fear. If you do so you will never be happy. You will never be effective. Say confidently to yourself, "Through God's help and the application of simple techniques, I will be free from fear." Believe that and it will be so.

There was a time when Christianity was generally regarded by the average person as theoretical and having no relation to practical everyday affairs. Men who really think now know that Christian principles are the most skillful, most necessary principles in developing successful and efficient men and women. It is being demonstrated that no other system is so completely designed to give skill, power and efficiency to modern people as the simple principles of the Bible.

A prominent periodical wrote up the "amazing" career of a successful business woman. What made her success all the more remarkable was the fact that she had had no previous business experience. So she had been asked to outline the principles upon which she had built her business. When she submitted the article, the publisher exclaimed, "This is astounding. These ideas are unique. Would you mind telling me where you got them?"

She smiled and said, "I guess you are not very familiar with the Bible. My article is practically a rewrite of the twelfth chapter of Matthew."

The most antiquated man in America is the rare gentleman who still gets off the old canard that religion is something for Sunday only. That remark stamps him as belonging to the horse-and-buggy era.

■ A psychiatrist of undisputed standing stated that one of the most powerful forces is released through a formula in Matthew which reads, "All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." He offered it as his opinion, based on long experience in his profession, that when a patient's mind is conditioned in terms of this scriptural verse, then the most amazing changes can and do take place. "Faith," he said, "possesses a tremendous healing property and power-producing force."

Regarding such passages from the Bible there are various attitudes you can take. You may say, "I don't believe it, it is just not so." Of course, you have a right not to believe it, but it is doubtful if you have a right to dogmatically assert it is not so. In so doing you are setting yourself against the most reliable ancient document known to mankind. It forces us to take a choice between whether to believe you or the document. In the face of the religious belief of many distinguished men of science, the dogmatic statement that the Bible is not so is both unimpressive and unconvincing.

Another attitude one can fall into is a passive one. You may say, "I do not understand it, I do not disbelieve it, but it is beyond me and therefore I will not use it." That, of course, simply means that a person does not avail himself of power he could employ.

Probably the most sensible attitude is to assume that maybe it is true; that perhaps here is a law not

perfectly understood, but one which many people have demonstrated will work. Perhaps it is wise to accept the workability of the law, deriving from it what power and efficiency one can gain, hoping later to penetrate into a deeper understanding. Matters of religion should be approached in the experimental attitude of a real scientist.

I am confident of the scientific workability of faith in developing power and efficiency, for the same reason that any scientist knows that a formula will work, namely, he sees it work and gets results.

In my scientific laboratory (the Marble Collegiate Church of New York) we had a member, a business executive, who became enthusiastically convinced of the techniques of faith. He had not been a long established church man and became interested in the church only because he was "sold" on the idea of Christianity and its formula of faith. "I think you have got something there," he declared. Because as he put it, "there is something to it," he joined the church and was regular in attendance, enthusiastically practicing spiritual techniques.

One afternoon he telephoned saying, "I must see you right away about an important business matter." One might think it curious that a businessman would see a minister about a business problem, but when you get right down to it, most business problems are problems in which persons are involved. The minister deals with persons and therefore he can be a scientific adjunct to anybody interested in business research.

My friend, who represented a specialized business in New York, came in and said, "Here is my problem. We have a competitor in the Middle West and this competitor employs the star salesman of our industry. This salesman has forgotten more about the business than the rest of us know about it. Our competitor has discharged him, however, for the third and last time. I would like to employ him."

"Why don't you?" I said.

"Because," he replied, "there is a catch to it—he is an alcoholic. My president won't take him on because he says there is no hope for an alcoholic. I have continued to urge my president, however, because I believe we can cure him. I have heard you talk from the pulpit about faith and I am sold on the idea that if you have faith, nothing is impossible, so I have finally convinced my president, and he has told me he will give me one month to get this man cured and if we do, I can have him on my sales force."

"Do you realize what you ask?" I said, and then I explained to him what the scientific authorities say about alcoholism. I showed him that it is scientifically regarded as a disease, one of the most serious that can attack a human being, the usual end of which is either the insane asylum or death, or both.

"I don't know anything about that," my friend insisted. "I only know that the Bible says that if you have faith—'nothing is impossible unto you.' I take that as meaning alcoholism also," he concluded firmly.

"Does this man go to church?" I asked.

"No," he answered. "Not very often at least."

It so happened that a church supper was scheduled for a night or two later and I asked if he thought the alcoholic would come to that supper.

"Yes, I think he would," my friend replied. "I know he eats."

■ The alcoholic came to my office. He said, "Now listen, Doctor. Mr. V. is very much interested in me. He is an awfully nice fellow. But don't waste your time on me. There's no use trying to do anything with me. This thing has got me. I'm licked, completely licked."

He told me he was forty-five, and had two boys and a lovely wife. He had an engaging personality and a brilliant mind.

"You say you are licked?" I asked him.

"Yes, absolutely—completely washed up," he said.

"That's marvelous," I replied. "You are sure that you have no strength of your own?"

"No, I'm all through. Sometimes I feel if I could only get free, if I only could . . . the things I could do! But the minute I think I am free, drink knocks me back and it has knocked me back too many times. Don't waste your time on me."

"My friend," I said, "when you tell me that you have no strength of your own, you are at the beginning of deliverance, because now you are ready to say, 'Having no strength of my own, I put my life in the hands of God with faith.' In so doing you will get strength, all you need."

"Do you think I have a chance?" He looked up with wistful eyes.

"Yes, I certainly do."

"All right," he said, "I'll do whatever you say. What do you want me to do?"

"Let's start," I suggested, "by your going to church twice every Sunday for the next month."

"Oh!" he groaned; but he agreed to do so.

The next Sunday morning I looked down and there was my friend, Mr. V., on the end of the aisle. Next to him was the alcoholic, and then Mr. V.'s wife. Mr. V. came up after the first service and said, "Now, Doctor,

for a while forget about the rest of the congregation and preach to this man. We have to get him cured. I need him in my business."

I confess that I almost did. He was there regularly, listening carefully. It was impressive: two businessmen trying to settle a business problem as a human problem.

One Sunday night about three weeks later, I was preaching on the text, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them," and outlining the power of affirmative faith. I found myself saying, "If there is anybody in this great congregation defeated by anything, no matter what it may be, if he will now believe that the power of God is being released in his life and if he will, as our heads are bowed, raise his hand as a sign and symbol of his acceptance of this power, I declare that he will now receive it" . . . which was an astounding thing to say, but I said it. We would get more astounding results from Christianity if we were not timorous about believing in it.

About fifty hands went up all over the congregation. To my astonishment I saw this man's hand go up. After the service he came up to me, shook my hand, and went away. Later he told me that when he put up his hand "something happened to him." A feeling came over him such as a man experiences when after a long illness suddenly he realizes that he is well. The desire to drink *completely passed away.*

You can imagine how thrilled I was when I received the following letter from him:

I know you will be interested in the success that has rewarded our efforts of the past several months. The final result is my appointment as General Manager of the ——— Company. At the next meeting of the Directors of the Company I am to be elected Vice President, also.

Nothing approaching this was contemplated at the outset. The sequence of things that led to it, even now, seems unbelievable. I am indeed awed. They didn't just happen and certainly were far beyond my planning.

I now have a firm hold on myself. I am sure I have the complete and simple faith to which you refer in your books and sermons. My mind is at rest and I know peace and happiness again. You can readily appreciate what it means to my wife and boys. It has been no effort to avoid my old weakness. I seem to have found a substitute—faith.

Many problems will be facing me—perhaps the biggest in my business experience. I approach them with complete confidence and with the knowledge that unlimited power and help are always available to me.

Nearing the end of two years, he called on me in my office. He told me that he was on his way to the Middle West where his company had recalled him and had made him Vice-President for the Dominion of Canada. "Have you ever had the desire to take alcohol since that night?" I asked him.

His answer was, "Not the slightest desire."

Some people might call this a miracle. Anybody who knows the true meaning of the disease of alcoholism is well aware of the astonishing thing which happened in this case.

However great a recovery this is, it is not a miracle. This man had made contact with a spiritual law. He was changed by the operation of this law. He discovered a basic power in the universe just as truly as the man who released atomic energy. This power is so great that it burned out of his mind every vestige of the disease which was destroying him. He discovered and put into operation the law of faith.

But the story goes on and arrives at one of the great factors in the cure of alcoholism: the urge to help someone else get cured. Mr. C. writes:

I have a purchasing agent with plenty of the very same difficulty I had. I have been trying to help him over a period of several months with considerable but not complete success.

You can still feel proud of the job you did on me. It is fast approaching three years now since I have had a drink. I am much safer than any man who never touched a drop. But beyond that and more important, you showed me the way to build religious faith and trust that means more to me than all else. I have a long, long way to go but I really believe I make some little gain each day. In a very humble way I try to help others do the same. You know it is rather convincing to others when an old sinner like myself tries to show the way.

My purpose in telling this story is to point out that if faith can revitalize and remake an alcoholic, it can assuredly give you power and efficiency.

All around you at this moment is divine healing energy. The very atmosphere is charged with it. If you will practice faith, you can be healed of ill-will, inferiority, fear, guilt, or any other block which impedes the flow of recreative energy. Power and efficiency are available to you if you will believe.

■ I met a friend, a minister, whom I had not seen in several years. I had heard that he had suffered a nervous breakdown. But now he seemed robust and looked the picture of health. We sat in his library one winter day before a cheerful fire. He stretched out his long legs, leaned back in his chair and asked, "Have you ever given thought to the relationship of religion to the art of resting? Our religion," he continued, "has been so concerned with morals and ethics, both matters of the greatest importance, that many have failed to realize the tonic effect of faith. Why," he exclaimed, "it is amazing what religion can do to cure tension, heal worried and anxious thoughts, and give strength for the stresses and strains so prevalent today."

"You must have found something," I prodded him.

"I surely have. A couple of years ago I had a nervous breakdown. I went to a hospital and was put through all the tests. My energy had gone. I was weak and listless. Finally the doctor in charge of my case gave me his diagnosis.

" 'We have analyzed your case, Reverend Doctor So-and-So,' he said, 'and we have decided that if you practiced Christianity, you could get well.' "

Astonished, my friend demanded, "What do you mean?"

"I suppose you never read the New Testament," continued the doctor.

"Of course I do," protested the minister.

"Oh, I see," pursued the doctor. "You read it but you do not believe it."

"I do believe it," shouted the minister.

"Well, then let's put it another way—and come now, admit it—you don't really practice its teaching of faith and trust, do you? I know you practice its morals and ethics, but you do not practice your religion in your thought life, put into mental practice these principles: 'Take no thought for the morrow' or 'Let not your heart be troubled'—'Fret not thyself'—'Come unto me, all you that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' "

It began to dawn on my friend what this wise and kindly doctor meant. Quietly he said, "I see what you mean and you are right. I *will* practice my faith in my thoughts as well as in my actions."

"It's really a great medicine—the greatest tonic of all," said the physician.

The devices for eliminating agitation need not be involved. One is to practice taking a detached attitude toward irritating things. Practice lifting your mind above the confusion and irritation around you.

Get a mental picture of the stars serene in the heavens, or of the moon sailing high on a clear, calm night. One can do this while busy at a job. Hang these pictures on the walls of your mind and think about them habitually.

Just before Christmas one year my wife took me shopping. She took me to a crowded store, and the counter where we wanted to purchase some articles was the most crowded of all.

I noticed the salesman. He was a tall, easy-going, young fellow who wore the button indicating honorable discharge from military service. He had a very relaxed attitude even though he was being called on all sides. He gave his attention to the one customer whom he was serving at the moment. It seemed that she had bought three articles, and I was standing close by when he tried to add up the cost. She had her eyes glued upon his pencil as he added the column, and you were conscious of a stiff and suspicious attitude on her part. Perhaps this confused him, for he added the column incorrectly, and I was struck by his wholesomeness when with a boyish grin he said, "What do you know? Didn't add it right, did I?"

"No, you didn't," she snapped.

Dutifully he tried it again, appealing to me meanwhile to help him. Despite my clumsiness in mathematics, we managed this time to get the column correctly added.

Then he flashed her a radiant smile so warm that it thawed even the iciness in her face, and he handed her the package with the statement, "I am a poor mathematician, but believe me, you have got some fine articles there for Christmas. I hope they are going to make the people for whom you have bought them very happy. Merry Christmas!" And with that he turned to the next customer, who happened to be myself.

I discovered that he had been employed recently by a large advertising firm. Before putting him to work they sent him out, as he put it, "to get acquainted with the great American public." He certainly was in a place where he could get acquainted with the public all right and I asked, "How do you like it?"

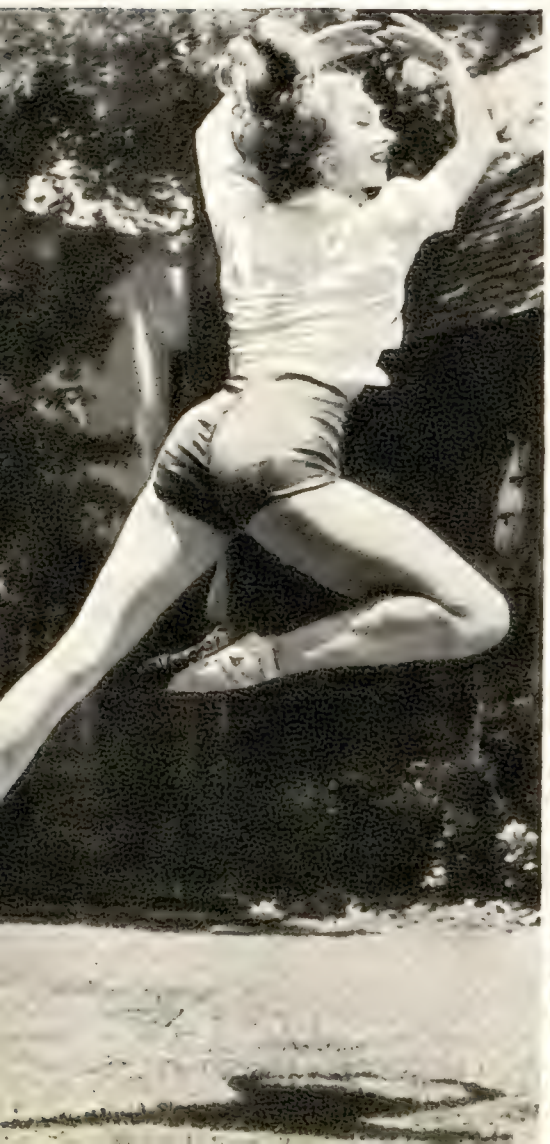
"Oh," he said, "I like it all right; only why is everybody so mad? They storm around my counter from all directions, and they all seem to be mad. I don't know what they're mad about; I doubt that they know themselves. They are buying Christmas presents to make people happy, and yet they're all mad. But," he added, "I've got a secret; I just don't let it ruffle me. I flash a big smile on 'em and treat 'em nicely; it breaks them down—every last one of them." ■ ■



GOOD SKATE

Belita can do anything a movie script calls for

■ Belita, Monogram Pictures' skating and dancing star, is the answer to a script writer's prayer, as these photographs show. Should the script call for an underwater ballet, Belita dives in. If it's a dance on water skis, Belita is the gal who can do it. She can box and wrestle, too. She paints, sings, plays the violin and piano, and sews a fine seam. Besides her mother tongue, British-born Belita Gladys Lyne Jepson-Turner (her full name) speaks German, French, and Spanish. She will be seen next in The Hunted, an Allied Artists picture, soon to be released.







PHOTOS BY RICHARD BOESEN



Air view of Iquitos, Peru, through whose far inland port millions of dollars in tropical goods from the rich Amazon basin flow to the U. S.

2,300 MILES UP THE AMAZON

Iquitos, Peru, at the little-explored headwaters of the world's greatest river, is a tropical heaven and a thriving trading post

■ Twenty-three hundred miles inland from the mouth of the Amazon is the most fabulous "jungle port" in South America. It is Iquitos, Peru, on the eastern side of the Andes and not far from areas where you might meet head-hunters. It is a boom town of 50,000 that is as modern as any States-side city. Big ocean-going vessels steam almost across South America from Belém, Brazil, to reach its excellent harbor. There they load millions of dollars' worth of tropical goods annually. Barbasco root, used to make insecticides, and mahogany and cedar are among the commodities exported to the United States. Iquitos is a city of interesting contrasts. It has smart hotels and clubs such as the Internationale and the Iquitos; a stadium where Peru's national sport, soccer, is played; four movie theaters and a fine airport—Campo de Aterrizaje—built by the United States during the war. But, as some of these photos show, the city's outskirts consist of thatched houses with earthen floors where native families with their pigs, chickens, and ducks all live under one roof. Further out there are impenetrable jungles. The city was formerly so inaccessible that to make a trip to Lima took three months if you did it the comfortable way. That meant journeying by boat down the Amazon to the Atlantic, then along the coast and around the tip of South America, thence up the Pacific side to Lima. Now you can make the trip in three and a half hours. Faucett Aviation Co. has run an air line into Iquitos. The city fathers see more and more boom for Iquitos, which doubled its population in 15 years. It badly needs building materials to alleviate some of its growing pains.



In contrast to the modern streets in downtown Iquitos, grass grows in most streets in the outskirts. Suburban houses have thatched roofs.



Soil is rich and with a little care almost anything will grow. The people raise their own vegetables and also pigs, chickens, and ducks.



Climate is hot and humid. Here residents of San Juan, a village not far from Iquitos, cool off in the Nanay, a tributary of the Amazon.



Thirst quenchers being sold by natives. Native Iquitenos are happy people who from birth to death rarely leave their tropical heaven.



Family wash is put out to dry near typical thatched cottages. The natives shown here have come from taking a bath in a near-by spring.



Most of the people living in this street were taking siestas when the photographer sauntered by. The others quickly dashed for cover.



THE EMPEROR WALTZ

■ Bing Crosby goes Johann Strauss in a big way in this thoroughly delightful Technicolor musical film by Paramount. Producer-writer Charles Brackett and director-writer Billy Wilder chose Jasper National Park, Canada, for the locale. Bing plays Virgil Smith, a brash American

Go-getter salesman Virgil Smith (Crosby) falls for the countess (Joan Fontaine).



A DOUBLE LIFE

■ In this highly dramatic film of stage life, Ronald Colman, a film star for 25 years, gets his first crack at Shakespeare. This Universal-International picture presents a show within a show in which Colman gives a magnificent portrayal of Othello. Written by Ruth Gordon

Ronald Colman has the able assistance of trim Signe Hasso and Edmond O'Brien.



I REMEMBER MAMA

■ Everybody relax. Producer Harriet Parsons and producer-director George Stevens have brought Mama and her brood to the screen with all the original heart-warming charm and simplicity. The story of Mama and her bank account that never was first delighted the public in

Irene Dunne plays mama, and Barbara Bel Geddes (holding book) is eldest daughter.

phonograph salesman. It's 1901 and Virgil's ambition is to sell Emperor Franz Joseph (Richard Haydn) a phonograph with a big horn. But when he sees the Countess von Stolzenberg-Stolzenberg (Joan Fontaine), Virgil has another ambition —to sell himself to the countess. She gives him the royal cold shoulder. But her aristocratic poodle, Scheherazade, falls for Smith's pooch, a mongrel named Buttons. There are puppies. The Emperor is furious. Seems that Scheherazade was engaged to the Emperor's poodle. But Bing finally masters the situation.



Smith's dog has heart trouble, too. But love finds a way and in a royal palace.

and Garson Kanin, and directed by George Cukor, A Double Life is by far the most authentic film about the stage ever made in Hollywood. Colman plays Tony John, foremost Broadway actor who usually costars with his divorced wife (Signe Hasso) with whom he is still in love. The one barrier to a successful marriage for them is that Tony always becomes so obsessed with his roles that he plays them *after* he leaves the theater. When he decides to do Othello, his friends and his ex-wife are afraid of what the role may do to sensitive Tony. It does plenty.



Colman, playing an actor, hurts his ex-wife (Signe Hasso) in this tense scene.

Kathryn Forbes' book, Mama's Bank Account. John van Druten's play about this charming Norwegian-American family, who lived in the San Francisco of 1910, ran for two years on Broadway. In RKO's film version, Irene Dunne plays Mama with such warmth and naturalness that she is good for an Academy Award in 1949. She heads a cast that is perfection itself. It includes Oscar Homolka, Barbara Bel Geddes, Philip Dorn, Ellen Corby, Edgar Bergen, Rudy Vallee, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. For a thoroughly enjoyable movie you can't beat this one.



Big names such as Oscar Homolka (at wheel) and Edgar Bergen stud cast.

THE MAN WITH MY FACE

Chick needed help — someone he could stake his life on. There was a girl out of the long-ago named Mary

READING TIME



26 MINUTES



BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

SYNOPSIS

■ That Wednesday evening—when I found another man occupying my home —a man with my face—and Cora (my wife), her brother Buster Cox (my partner in a public accountant business), and his wife Ethelene asserting they did not know me; even Jiggs, my bull terrier, biting into my wrist—was sheer nightmare. I rushed from the house, found a cop and took him back there. He took our fingerprints, and those of the man with my face matched the ones on *my* army identification card!

So the cop took me in, but I got away. Later, in a diner, the radio told of a Los Angeles bank messenger who, after killing a guard, had escaped with two million dollars in government bonds and was now impersonating Charles Bruce Graham—which happens to be my name—concluding with a description of me and my clothes.

Leaving in a hurry, I hid in some brush outside the town. After a miserable night, I found I had been lying among poison oak and my face and hands were red and swollen. It made a fine disguise, though, especially when I padded myself with a stolen blanket.

I took my usual train to San Francisco and tried to piece together the circumstances that had put me on this spot. And I began to think of Mary Davis—Mary and her brother Walt. After I went into the army she and I had written to each other frequently; but by degrees her letters stopped coming.

I was a shavetail and Buster a pfc. when he and I first met. He gave me a rude salute and hailed me as "Bert Rand." Later he introduced me to Cora and to Ethelene.

We ran to the window. A figure appeared from the front entrance. At his heels was a Doberman. "That's Bill Meadows," I said.

It was after Buster became the squadron's mail clerk that Mary's letters dwindled. I didn't connect the circumstances then, but now I was beginning to, because of what followed when the war was over—when I married Cora. Also I remembered what Ethelene had said when I voiced wonder at the glamorous Cora marrying a dope like me: "She saw a million dollars in you, Chick."

All that time I had been building a spot for another man to step into!

So, carefully, incident by incident, I went over my last day.

PART THREE

■ Wednesday. The last day. We'd got up at six. I shaved while Cora got breakfast. I lathered my face and scraped it, never suspecting I would never again look into a mirror casually.

Breakfast. Then Cora drove me to the station for the seven-twelve. As I got out, she said, "Where's the list? I must have left it home. Get some pork chops for supper. And a pound of butter. Can you remember that?"

"Do my best."

I could hear the train coming through the fog. I went to the newspaper rack, put a nickel in the box, and took a paper.

"Chick!"

I hurried to the car, thinking she remembered a loaf of bread or something. The train was pulling in; it never more than paused. Cora's eyes were trembling, full of moisture.

"Chick—you're a swell egg."

I was a bit surprised. "Why—thank you, Mrs. Graham."

"I mean it. You're too swell a guy to be married to me."

"You're a pretty special girl."

"No kick coming. That makes it worse. Do you want me to tell you something to remember? I—guess I love you. I didn't know until now. I wouldn't let myself. But I want you to remember that, Chick. I love you."

There was a thin fog that gave things a sense of unreality. I had the curious feeling that this was not just another day when I was catching the seven-twelve. There was the air of good-by and she was saying the sort of thing people say when they're saying good-by.

I kissed her. And she kissed me. Not the peck of husband and wife as he catches the seven-twelve, but a real kiss. A kiss such as I'd never had before from Cora.

"You're sweet, Chick. Good-by."

I ran for the train, jumped for a step and then looked back, hanging to the side rails. She was waving from the car window. I like to remember Cora like that. The warmth of her lips and her white hand waving as I went out of her life.

■ It was a bright day in the city, as it often is when there's fog on the Peninsula, and I walked from the station to our public-accounting office on Mission. Ethelene was at the antique desk, cool and immaculate and slim-legged. Buster was pacing the floor. Ethelene looked at her watch. "You must have walked."

"You're late," Buster said.

They were both obviously relieved to see me. "What's the hurrah? A new account?"

"I just like to know when to expect you," Buster said. He got out his little loose-leaf notebook. "Wednesday. Today it's the creamery and Harry's bar and the jewelry store. And we take back yesterday's stuff to the grocery and the Lock drug. If you'll take care of it, I think I've got a new account lined up." With his back to Ethelene, he winked at me. Buster sure was a lady's man.

I made the rounds and got back about ten. I went into the back room and got to work on the posting machine. Pretty soon Ethelene came in with coffee in paper cups from a drugstore down the block. We drank the coffee and had a cigarette. She said, "I wonder which one it is?"

"Who?"

"You know very well Buster's out seeing a girl. I've got that rat taped. He couldn't go straight if he wanted to. But he'd better, with me."

That didn't add up. "What do you mean by straight?"

"What makes it worse, you're a square guy. You wouldn't even cheat on Cora, the hell she put you through." She stood up suddenly and threw her paper cup at the wastebasket. "What the hell am I griping about? I'm as bad as anybody else. I want a million bucks and I'd do anything for it. Oh, Chick, you poor sweet dope." And she hurried into the front room, crying.

I didn't get it. But I don't pretend to understand a woman.

There were extras on the streets when I went out for lunch. "$2,000,000 L. A. BOND THEFT!" When I got back to the office, Buster and Ethelene were kneeling on the floor in the back room looking at the papers. Buster immediately jumped up and wanted to know if I'd taken care of the accounts while he was out. I told him everything was under control, but he cooked up a reason why we should go down and check with our Thursday accounts, and after that it was our Monday accounts, and before we were done that afternoon, we'd dropped in on all of them.

I was irritated, and when we got back I suggested we have a drink



and relax. Ethelene went with us to Murphy's bar, down the street, and we had a couple of ryes. Then I said so long; I had to get the pork chops and butter and catch the five-twenty-nine. Buster held out his hand and said, "Well, Chick, good luck."

I shook hands with him and Ethelene. Silly, shaking hands with people you saw every day, but they were strangely serious and the rye put me in the mood. At the door I glanced back. They were watching from the bar. They waved to me. I waved back and went out.

I was on Third Street, waiting for my streetcar, when somebody called my name. I turned to see Walt Davis hurrying across the street.

Strange, that Wednesday, as I stood on the brink of leaving my old life, how the parts of the past came together. Walt Davis, striding across the street with a grin on his face a mile wide. Of course it had to be; sometime or other I would have run into Walt or Mary eventually.

We shook hands and told each other what a small world it was and how well we looked. We asked each other what we were doing. He said, "Living here?"

"On the Peninsula. Commuting."

He looked at the package of pork chops, and then tried not to appear to have noticed it.

"Yeah, I'm married."

"Well, you're looking swell, Chick. How about a drink?"

"This is my streetcar. Let's get together sometime."

"Yeah. Sometime soon," he agreed.

We exchanged addresses and I ran for my streetcar.

We hadn't mentioned Mary.

But I wondered, going home on the five-twenty-nine, what might have been if Buster hadn't been the mail clerk. That was water under the bridge, but a guy can wonder.

And when I got to Redwood City, Cora wasn't there with the car. I phoned, and there was that double-talk. And when I took a taxi out to my place, I found the place taken over by another man.

And riding the seven-twelve the following morning, this Thursday morning, in the seat behind the man with my face, watching my ears above the back of the seat, my hat on his head, my ticket in the hat, my paper in his hands, I felt around among the pieces of memory and saw how neatly it all fitted together.

Mary, Mary. I wanted to see Mary. I needed help. And, more than that, I needed a friend. Somebody I could bank on. Somebody I could stake my life on.

■ At the Third Street station the man with my face paused outside, glanced at the sky, took a deep breath, and strode up the street, as I might have done. He would walk into the office, say Hello to Ethelene and Buster, and go with Buster to pick up the accounts.

I looked up Walt's number at a phone booth in the station. Mary answered. That voice. Smooth and sweet. Mary, Mary, if only we could do it all over again the right way!

"Hello, Mary. This is Chick Graham."

There was a silence. I wondered if she'd hang up. She had a right to. "Hello, Chick. Walt said he ran into you yesterday."

"Yes, at Third and Mission."

"That's what he said, Third and Mission."

I took a deep breath. "Mary, I'd like to see you."

There was another silence. "I'm pretty busy these days, Chick. Working and keeping house for Walt. Walt said you were married."

It was the brush-off. She'd been hurt by me, and anyhow she was no toots to hop out with a married man just because he had a free evening. "We'll probably run into one another, Chick."

"Mary, do you remember Jody? Major Jody?"

There was another silence. "Yes."

"I met him the evening he saw you here. A couple of months back. That was the first time I knew."

"Knew what, Chick?"

"I didn't know that you'd kept writing me. I didn't get a single letter from you overseas, or for months before I went over. That's one reason I'd like to see you. I want to explain. Your letters were stopped. My letters to you were destroyed."

"This is all a little—surprising. The army wouldn't—"

(*Continued on page 70*)

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SEEDBED FOR LEADERSHIP

Continued from Page 30

in the model legislature passed this bill unanimously. We are the younger generation. We, not you, are the ones who will marry under this law, if it is passed. And we accept it."

The bill passed, and the governor signed it. Today, ten years later, we know that it has saved the happiness of thousands.

Birdseye is only one of the hundreds of teen-age boys and girls who have been given a chance to develop qualities of leadership, and to learn about lawmaking from direct experience, in the model legislatures of 11 states. Founded in New York, the movement is spreading from state to state among the 200,000 members of the Hi-Y clubs (for boys) and Tri Hi-Y clubs (for girls) sponsored by the Y.M.C.A. in our high schools. By the end of the year a dozen more states will be in the fold; in three years there will almost certainly be model legislatures in every one of the 48.

Every autumn my office in Newburgh is besieged by crowds of youthful constituents who have been elected by their Hi-Y clubs as "model legislators." Here, for example, was Nancy Hallas, a blonde bobby-soxer. Her senatorial toga was a white shirt billowing above blue jeans rolled to the knee; her goal was to improve school lunches. She had been interrupting the flow of logarithms and irregular verbs with one short, sharp question: "Do you like the lunches served in the cafeteria, and if not, why not?" Now she wanted my help to draft a bill to secure state aid for low-cost nutritious school lunches. "The concessionaire," she said indignantly, "plugs candy and cake; the kids don't get a decent meal."

For years I had been trying to get such a bill through the Senate at Albany. But Nancy Hallas pushed her bill from the discussions in her high-school club and regional legislature up to a resounding victory in the "finals"—the model legislature sedately held in the Capitol's marble hall.

Backed by her enthusiasm and her testimony, I was at last able to persuade my colleagues to approve a $2,500,000 school-lunch appropriation for New York State.

The Hi-Y model legislatures were hatched twelve years ago in the fertile brain of Clement A. Duran, veteran Y.M.C.A. worker. Today Duran spends a large part of the year touring the country, setting up model legislatures, helping the boy and girl solons, needling governors, state officials, university professors and executives into giving their time and advice.

Although procedure varies from state to state, the basic pattern remains the same. A bill must first be presented, debated, and voted upon in the young sponsors' Hi-Y club. If passed, it goes up to a city or county model legislature where the young legislators first meet local officials and face social and political realities. Then, once a year, comes the week-end of legislating at the state Capitol. This is no one-day boy-in-City-Hall publicity stunt where some lad warms the mayor's swivel chair just long enough for a news photographer to click his camera. The atmosphere is serious but simple and businesslike. The real governor and members of his cabinet address the boys and girls. A youth "governor" is elected, as well as a presiding officer and a chaplain. The "governor" reads his message, and the young legislators go to work.

■ The ideals of these young people are reflected in the bills they approve. These boys and girls want better teaching and higher salaries for teachers. They want compulsory courses in the fundamentals of sex and marriage, in motor-vehicle driving and remedial speech, and scholarships for gifted youngsters who can't afford to go on with their education. In the Georgia model legislature a bill was introduced requiring science textbooks to be reissued every two years so as to include modern inventions and discoveries.

And they are for improving a lot of other things that they notice in their surroundings. So they draft bills for consolidation of counties, for better sanitation in restaurants, for superior fire laws, for more housing within the reach of veterans, for spending part of the money collected from liquor taxes to teach high-school students the effect of alcohol.

Today, in many states, the action taken by the model legislature is often referred to in the debates of the real one. When one senator opposed a bill to provide insurance for school athletes, a colleague rose and said: "The senator does not seem to realize that the youngsters in the Hi-Y legislature of his own county approved this bill." The senator admitted he was unaware of it, asked time to sound out local sentiment, and eventually changed his vote.

Many a lawmaker who at first viewed the legislative labors of the youngsters with a superior smile later learned to pluck from their sessions ideas which he was glad to use himself. In New York, proposals adopted by my colleagues in the Senate and Assembly were frequently pioneered by the youngsters. These include laws to work out uniform traffic regulations, to increase the number of state scholarships, to improve fire protection in hotels and apartment houses.

The model legislatures of one or two states passed bills permitting 18-year-olds to vote. But the young lawmakers of New Jersey, where the movement is probably most

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fully developed, weren't so sure. After a long debate, the Boy Senate (average age 17) found itself evenly divided on this bill, and the Boy President of the Senate cast the deciding vote against it.

These youngsters, I submit, are less childish than their elders in the matter of race prejudice. The Minnesota model legislature includes two Negro boys, two of Chinese ancestry, and one of Japanese. In New Jersey a colored boy introduced a bill to prevent race discrimination in industry. This touched off a hot debate in the real legislature, which passed a similar bill.

In Minneapolis some Hi-Y boys, on their way to discuss a bill with boys from a distant high school, passed through a particularly dismal slum. "There ought to be a law," they agreed. One boy, Lloyd Stivers, went beyond mere indignation and discussion. He investigated, took pictures, asked questions, found out for himself that the worst slums produced the worst juvenile delinquency. Senator Thye of Minnesota, at that time governor, was so impressed with the earnestness and clear thinking of the young legislators that he appointed a boy of 17 to be a member of the State's Youth Commission.

If you watch these youngsters, you will come away with the conviction that despite all the inroads which juke boxes and boogie-woogie may seem to have made on adolescent sanity, democracy will be safe in their hands.

This exciting experiment in civic education has passed the pilot stage. We can now count on its turning out, in the next crucial decade, thousands of young men and women able and willing to take over the stewardship of our state and local governments. ■ ■

EASTER FEAST

Continued from Page 23

Those little chicks sitting so cozily in their nest of colored coconut are brother Everett and I, chirping at the thought of the Bean Man's inviting us to hold the reins while we "whirled" around the block. I took a half cup of coconut and dipped it in water tinted with several drops of cake coloring, then drained the coconut and dried it thoroughly on paper towels before making it into a soft wagon seat.

Candy mints stuck into the cake with toothpicks make wonderful wheels, and so do cookies. And the bunnies who draw the cake wagon are as willing as Old Sally used to be.

Ever bury a flavor deep inside you, only to have it bob up years later and haunt you? It was that way with the Old Bean Man's peanut-crusted ham. During the depression we carried a large ad in our Missouri paper: "Picnic hams, 19¢ a pound." What a buy! On the same



page was another ad for peanut butter. There were those old flavor twins again! So I took to experimenting until I could duplicate the succulence of those pink-meated morsels oozing with the richness of blended peanut butter and brown sugar under a crusty jacket of bread crumbs.

I'm having this roast again this Easter. Well, after all, a picnic ham runs about 19 cents a pound cheaper than the hindquarter cut that is in greater demand. You can bake it in a moderate oven from the start, then glaze it, and finish baking to a satisfying brownness, the same way you would a real ham. But I like the juiciness that comes from that old-fashioned way of letting it simmer in water and the sweet sourness of vinegar, brown sugar, and spice. Then cover it with its sugar crust and bake to an inviting brown. How I *like* that! Here is the recipe for those cherished childhood memories:

A Sugar-Crusted Easter Roast

Wipe with damp cloth a smoked shoulder "picnic" or ham. Cover with cold water.

Add

- 1 cup brown sugar
- ½ cup vinegar
- 1 teaspoon whole black peppers
- 6 cloves (whole)
- 1 1-inch piece of ginger root (or 1 teaspoon powdered ginger)
- 1 clove of garlic (optional but wonderful)

Simmer, covered, until tender but not falling apart. (Allow 20 to 22 minutes per pound of meat.) Let stand in liquor until cool. Trim. Cover fat side with this paste:

Cream together

- 4 tablespoons peanut butter
- ½ cup brown sugar
- 4 tablespoons or more of liquor from ham (enough to make a thick paste that will not run)
- ½ cup bread crumbs

Dot with cloves. Cover fat side with paste. Sprinkle with another half cup of bread crumbs. Bake on rack in shallow pan, uncovered (crust side up), in a moderate oven (325°) for 30 to 45 minutes or until a nice brown crust has formed. Let stand 30 minutes before carving if you want it to slice easily.

And now for the rest of the dinner. We will have a fruit cocktail served in Easter orange baskets, for isn't nature just bursting with glory? We must serve something new, too. Potatoes perhaps, dug from the earth's rich loam. (That something new for Easter is for luck, which is why we wear new clothes at that season.)

And asparagus, too. After all, asparagus belongs to the lily family, and you know about lilies and Easter.

If it's a bit early in your parts for this, there are fine frozen spears. And canned, too. ■ ■

WHY DEWEY CAN'T BE NOMINATED

Continued from Page 15

of the 700? Simply because the field is so crowded with favorite sons and acknowledged, if not avowed, candidates. And the delegates' commitments this year bind them to more than a courtesy vote on the first ballot. They will stick with their favorites for a long time.

Among the votes permanently denied to Dewey are those of four large and important states—Pennsylvania (73 delegates), Illinois (56), Ohio and California (each 53). Minnesota (25) and Wisconsin (27) probably will never go to Dewey. In addition, New England is notably unimpressed with the New York governor, and can be counted on to give him at the most a handful out of its 92. The six states named and the six in New England will send 379 delegates to the convention.

Except in New England, the allegiance of the dozen states is pretty obvious. Ohio and California belong, of course, respectively to Senator Robert A. Taft and Governor Earl Warren. Many in Illinois feel the national spotlight might pick out Dwight H. Green. Two others Illinoisans regard as of national caliber —Senator C. Wayland Brooks and Representative Everett M. Dirksen. Pennsylvania is in Senator Edward Martin's corner and Minnesota presumably is in Harold Stassen's.

I haven't counted Missouri in the non-Dewey tabulation, but that state, until recently regarded as his, now shows definite signs of turning.

The northeastern states don't always agree on a favorite, but Speaker Joseph W. Martin, Jr., of Massachusetts may conceivably spring into prominence as a candidate, and take the leadership there. Senator Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts and Senator Raymond E. Baldwin of Connecticut are others upon whom New England smiles.

Dewey has sturdy local rivals in other parts of the country. Although it's Dewey's native state, Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg can doubtless have the Michigan delegation any time he wants it.

The historical handicap under which Governor Dewey runs is the fact that the Republican Party has never nominated a loser. Except for a faithful Wisconsin delegate who refused to change his ballot from MacArthur, Dewey received all the votes of the 1944 convention. Dewey had his hour of glory then, and lost to Franklin D. Roosevelt.

It is no reflection on Dewey to say that the delegates of 1948 will look to someone else. He is an able man. If I had been in this country in 1944, I should doubtless have favored him. I heard the news of the fourth Roosevelt election over a ship's radio in the Pacific, where it was received generally as a confirmation of an expected event. This year the delegates will be conscious of the party tradition, and I believe the same considerations will sway them as have always moved their predecessors to look for a knight who has never been unseated.

True, the Democrats won in 1892 with Grover Cleveland after he had lost in 1888. And they twice renominated William Jennings Bryan after his defeat in 1896. But the Republicans like to back a winner.

The outstanding example is Herbert Hoover, who has never come back politically since he was defeated in the New Deal landslide of 1932.

Since 1860, when it elected Abraham Lincoln as its first President, the Republican Party has lost eight Presidential elections. Among the Republican losers were two Presidents besides Hoover — Benjamin Harrison and William Howard Taft. Theodore Roosevelt, who lost as Bull Moose nominee in 1912 and later returned to the Republican fold, belongs in the same category. James G. Blaine, Charles Evans Hughes, Alfred M. Landon, Wendell Willkie, and Thomas E. Dewey complete the list.

Four years ago the field was pretty clear for Dewey, but 1948 will probably resemble 1940 more than 1944. Eight years ago Dewey took to the convention 360 votes. After the first ballot they began dropping away from him, until by the sixth (unofficial) ballot he had only eight to Willkie's 659.

The Dewey strength this year is likely to be less than he had eight years ago. On the first ballot in 1940 he got most of the Illinois vote, a circumstance which I am sure will not be repeated next June, and he had all of Wisconsin's 24. Then he was a rising, important candidate, and now, a once-defeated man, he is bound to be far less formidable.

It is too early for any valid estimates, but I should be surprised if Dewey could muster much over 300 on the first ballot at Philadelphia. Probably he and Taft will show about the same initial strength.

One thing that confuses attempts to judge Dewey's chances is his early leadership in the published polls. He has been considerably ahead of Stassen and Taft. But straw-vote popularity doesn't necessarily mean votes in a convention. And, particularly in the early polls, Dewey's name came first to the mind of the man in the street. It was partly a carry-over from the 1944 campaign.

When it comes to an election, popularity with the voters is another thing. If he were nominated, I believe Dewey could win the election. Indeed, I am convinced that the Republican Party will win the Presidency with any of its leading candidates. They are all able men, including Dewey. I simply mean Dewey won't get the chance to run. ■ ■

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BASEBALL KATE

Continued from Page 16

"Oh, shut up!" said O'Malley. "I'm not buying Kate. I'm buying her brother."

"That's probably what Cleveland thought," I told him. "The White Sox thought it, too, and the Senators. Detroit's the only club that ever got a break with Tennille—that year when Kate came down sick. Look—"

"I'm looking," said O'Malley, "and I see Lefty Tennille winning twenty games for us next season."

■ Well, we had a good training trip. The boys really got into shape in a hurry. Especially Tennille. He was hot his first time out and stayed hot.

Kate wasn't with us. She was up North, getting an apartment ready for Lefty and her. I didn't see her until the night after our opener. Lefty pitched that one for us and handcuffed the other team. That night he and Kate showed up at our apartment.

Baseball Kate is a little girl, no bigger than a cake of soap after a hard day's washing, and it always puzzles me how such a big guy as Lefty can have such a tiny sister. She has blue eyes, and hair even redder than O'Malley's, and she is a quick, brisk little person who knows her way around. A lot of her time has been taken up riding herd on Lefty. She's ten years older than him, or, in other words, she's about thirty-eight.

She breezed into the apartment with Lefty ambling along behind. She said, "Hello, Shorty. Hello, May. Just making the rounds. Just getting acquainted with everybody on this ball club." She fixed me with a look. "They say you're the best third-base coach in the business, Shorty. So tell me why you sent Gantz in home this afternoon on that fly to left. They nailed the poor sucker by ten feet."

"You can't beat Sis," said Lefty. "She knows more baseball in a minute than I'll ever know."

I remembered my manners and asked Lefty to have a bottle of beer. He never got out of the batter's box with his answer, because Baseball Kate said right away that oh, no, he never touched even beer. Pretty soon she and Lefty moved on to pay their respects to the Clyde Sparlings, our first baseman and his wife.

"She's a character," said the madam. "And, you know, she's real pretty when she smiles. On the other hand, I didn't like that crack she made about you sending Gantz in from third on that fly to left."

■ Next day Bud Sclater pitched for us and did a good job. It wasn't till I got home that I remembered Kate. And maybe I wouldn't have remembered her then if the madam herself hadn't brought up the subject.

"Your friend Kate is a character," she informed me.

"I heard you say that last night."

"Well, it's still true. You know, I'm afraid she hurt Millie Sclater's feelings. She kept telling us all how Lefty would pitch to every batter. She made it sound as if Bud didn't know his head from third base. Somebody—I forget who—hit a long ball in the sixth—or was it the seventh?—and your friend said, 'Well, I hope Lefty would have had sense enough not to give that guy an inside pitch.' That's when Millie got so sore she up and moved her seat."

We had scallops for supper and that's a dish I really go for. But that night they didn't taste good; they tasted awful. I kept thinking about Baseball Kate. I thought back over everything I knew about her, all the things I'd picked up around the circuit. . . .

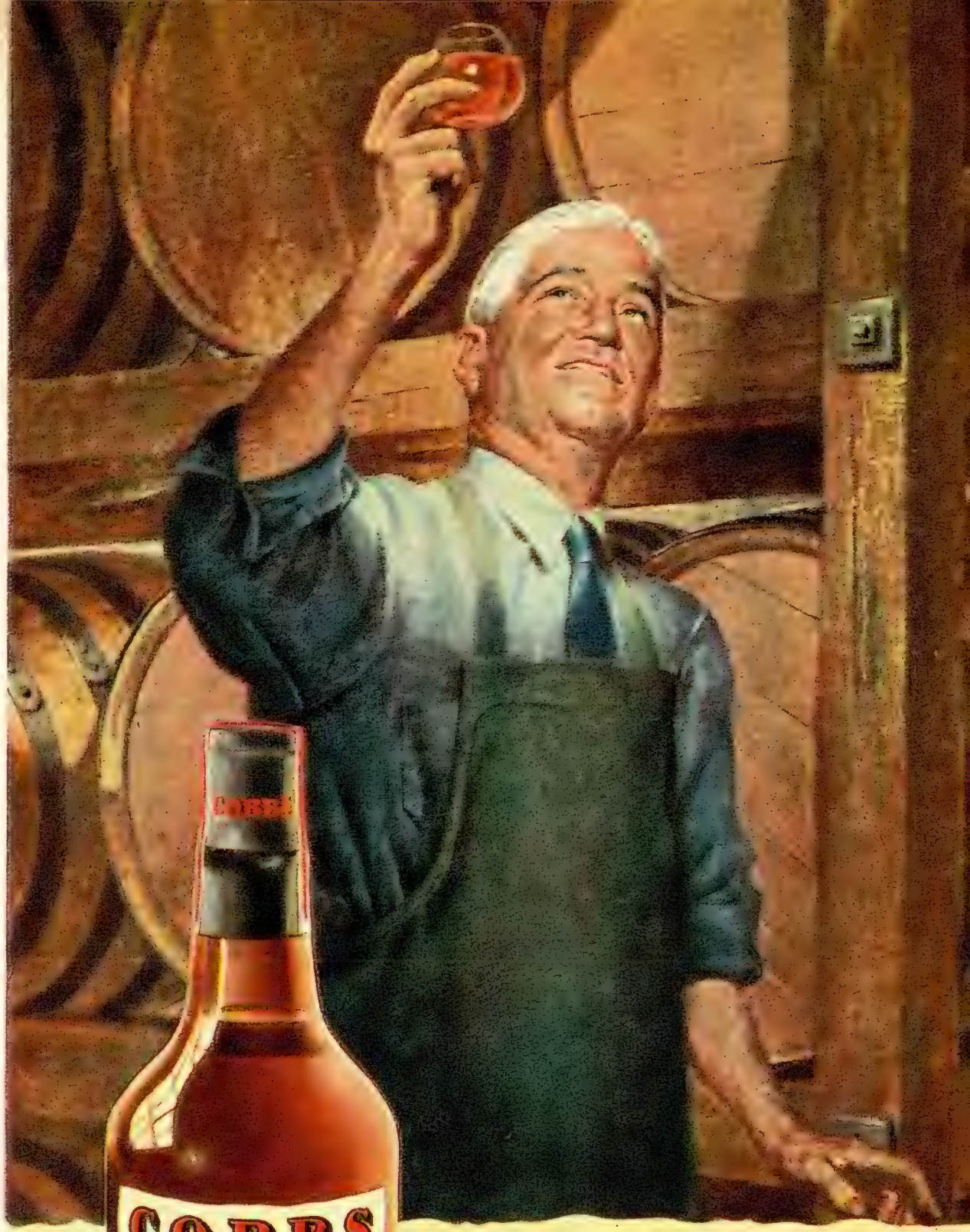
■ When Kate was twenty and Lefty ten, their parents died and Kate took over, and I imagine Lefty was big enough to shave before she let him brush his own teeth. In high school he developed into a fine pitcher. Later the Tigers signed him and sent him to one of their farm clubs. The next year he moved up a notch, and the following year the Tigers brought him back to the home club.

He was hot his freshman year and I think he won sixteen and lost only five. But the Tigers didn't get anywhere in the race that year, and some of them have told me Baseball Kate was the reason. She was keeping house for Lefty in Detroit. Wives of the other players undertook at first to show her the ropes. But it wasn't long before Kate was showing *them,* taking foul shots at their husbands, explaining to Mrs. Pitcher that Lefty could help Mr. Pitcher a lot with his curve ball if only Mr. Pitcher would ask his advice, sympathizing with Mrs. Shortstop because her husband's legs weren't what they used to be.

Well, the wives, being human, got sore and told their husbands, and then the husbands got sore. Pretty soon some sports writer said in print that there was dissension in the Tiger ranks. Some of the boys on that Detroit club have told me that dissension was the mildest word the guy could have used.

The management tried to sell Lefty Tennille that winter but put too high a price on him. That's really when they got their break, though, because Kate came down sick and missed the whole season. Tennille won twenty-four games and the rest of the club played the same kind of ball. They won the pennant and they won the Series.

But in November Kate was well enough to write the Detroit manager a long letter complaining about how he'd overworked Lefty in the Series. So in December Detroit sold Tennille to Washington. He and Baseball Kate lasted two years in the nation's capital. Then the White Sox took them on, and once more the cherry



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trees bloomed along the Potomac. But everything withered in Chicago, and they tell me that some of the boys on that club still don't speak to each other.

Cleveland got Lefty—and Kate—for a song. Lefty picked up twenty-one games for them that season. But still, Cleveland couldn't take it. Cleveland had enough. Cleveland put Tennille on the block, and O'Malley, punch drunk from the way our pitchers had folded in the home stretch, bought him.

■ Well, he went good for us. He won most of his own games and he saved a lot for the rest of our staff in the late innings.

But Kate would tell Millie Sclater and Christine Hay and Lucy Diamond that it was a pity their husbands were having off years. Such remarks naturally found their way back to the girls' husbands and just as naturally the husbands got sore. Still, it was too good a ball club to fold all at once. We broke even at home the first of the season. Then, when we went on the first Western trip of the year and left Baseball Kate and the wives behind, we struck our stride, bowled the West over, and came home in first place.

We had a long home stand after that Western trip. Tennille won the first game and Hay the second. Sclater lost the third game in twelve innings when Smiley, the second sacker, let a fly ball drop.

That night May and I flung a little party for the married gang. O'Malley and Kate and Tennille were the only unmarried ones invited. It wasn't thirty minutes before Kate began reading the minutes of the last meeting, meaning the game we'd blowed that afternoon.

"I'd like to help this ball club," Kate said, "but it's got about as much fight in it as a feather pillow has got vitamins."

Then she went down the list; not raving, not ranting, just talking in a level, burning voice that took the hide off. I looked at O'Malley. But he just sat there listening, and damned if I didn't see in his eyes the same kind of grudging admiration I'd seen there when some pitcher on the other team was mowing his boys down one, two, three.

Yeah, she went down the list. She said we'd of won in the regulation nine innings if I'd sent Sparling in from third on a fly ball to the outfield. Sparling had wanted to go, but I'd stopped him, and maybe he would of beat the play, because the throw-in to the plate was wide.

She said Smiley ought to get the lead out of his pants on pop flies back of second. She reminded Gantz that he had taken a called third strike with a man on third. She told Sclater that the run in the ninth which sent the game into extra innings likely wouldn't of happened if he hadn't give the Boston hitter such a fat pitch that he slammed it out of the park. Baseball Kate said several other things, and she wound up demanding of O'Malley why in the name of time he hadn't sent up a pinch hitter for Sclater in the tenth. And O'Malley took it!

I didn't take it. She was little and lonely standing there in front of us, and under other circumstances I might of felt sorry for her. But still, I didn't take it. I said:

"Well, I wish somebody had told me we had a new manager!"

Boy, her eyes blazed! Talk about blue fire! But her voice was still level. "Shorty, I'm not trying to be a troublemaker. It's just that it burns me up to see the boys kick away games they should win. I hate losers!"

"They didn't kick away so many games *last* year," I said.

"Shut your trap!" O'Malley told me.

I shut it and looked at Kate. She was staring at me. All at once her chin trembled, and damned if she didn't bust out crying. I was still mad, but for some fool reason I felt guilty as hell. Tennille took her by the arm and they went out. For a long minute nobody spoke a word.

Then O'Malley said, "The hell of it is that she's right. In all she said, she didn't make one phony statement. You boys put that in your pipe and smoke it."

■ The boys and their wives began leaving. O'Malley stayed. I started to speak and he cut me short.

"Save it. I know what you're going to say anyway. I'm still the manager of this ball club, Shorty, and just to ease your mind I'll let you in on something. Tomorrow night I'm going to take Kate to dinner and a show and have a little talk with her."

Next day out at the park Sparling said to me, "Shorty, the next time I'm on third and want to go home, don't you flag me down. I could of beat that throw ten feet."

It made me mad.

Well, that little pleasantry between me and Sparling wasn't the only thing that happened as a result of the party the night before. On their way home Fay Smiley said to her ever-loving, "Darling, you *were* a little slow on that pop fly."

And Smiley said, "It never would of happened if Sclater hadn't throwed that fat pitch in the ninth."

Bud Sclater told Millie that the fat pitch happened to be just what Jimmy Gaines, our catcher, had called for. I don't know who Gantz blamed for him taking that called third strike. But I do know, of course, that I told May I was off of Sparling for life and that O'Malley had lost his touch.

One of the things I'll never know, though, is what O'Malley said to Kate when he took her to dinner and a show. But the next day she didn't sit with the other girls. But it didn't make no difference. That was the afternoon the boys picked to fold up completely.

When newer and goofier ways to lose a ball game are invented, I don't want to be there to see them. The Yankees beat us nineteen to two. I won't go into the details, because they make me shudder every time I remember them. The boys just folded, that's all.

And they stayed folded. They couldn't do anything right. On that long home stand we lost fifteen straight and dropped from first place all the way to seventh.

We went on the road again and somehow managed to win enough games to crawl out of seventh place into sixth. Lefty Tennille pitched the opener of our home stay, and that was the day Baseball Kate decided to sit with the girls again. I guess she just couldn't help it and couldn't help a certain remark she made in the ninth.

Tennille pitched one hell of a ball game that day. But Boston beat us in the ninth when Smiley dropped a double-play ball throwed by Wales, our shortstop. Tennille snarled at him, "Tough luck, butterfingers!"

Smiley didn't snarl back. He alibied. "You know Wales throws 'em too hard. He wasn't ten feet from me and he throwed it like I was down at City Hall."

Wales called him a liar and Smiley took that, too.

And up in the stands Kate made her remark. Maybe she was just talking to herself, but she was talking out loud. She said, "Lefty would be leading the league if he had a ball club behind him."

That remark was what busted things wide open. Next day the whole team knew what she'd said; and while it wasn't no worse than a lot of things she'd said, still it was that last old straw. The next morning Diamond and Sparling and Smiley and a couple of others came into O'Malley's office, where I and O'Malley were trying to figure out the easiest way to lose that afternoon's ball game.

"Either Kate gets out of town," Sparling told O'Malley, "or we do. You can promise to trade us after the season or you can run us out of baseball. Right now we don't give much of a damn which."

O'Malley took it sitting down. He wasn't the same O'Malley any more.

"O.K. She'll be out of town by tomorrow morning." Then his eyes did get hard. "But let me tell you boys something. I wish I could put nine men on the field that had half of Kate's baseball sense and half her courage and spirit. Let me tell you something else. From now on you pantywaists are going to play the kind of ball you can play or I am going to take some skins off!"

■ I handled the team that afternoon, because O'Malley had gone to talk to Kate. This must of made the boys feel good; they went out and won themselves a game.

That night Kate and Lefty showed

(*Continued on page 64*)



A Mother's Wish

I love to watch you when you play . . .
An old rag doll can make you gay . . .
Please keep—whate'er the future brings—
This happiness in *little* things . . .

To A Mother Of A Very Special Baby

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(*Continued from page 62*)
up at the apartment. Kate said, "Just saying good-by, May, to you and Shorty. Seems I'm bad for the club. So I'm going home."

She kissed May, and then me, and somehow it made me feel good, and kind of sad, too, to know that here at least was one person in the world who couldn't hold a grudge five minutes.

In the clubhouse before the game next day O'Malley was as warm as a bucket of ice water down your back and as pleasant as a rattlesnake. But one sarcastic statement was all he made: "I'd advise you guys to win this game today!"

They didn't, though. They kicked it away in the ninth. You think O'Malley was mad? Yeah, he was mad. But he didn't open his trap. I think he was afraid to, afraid he'd go too far.

■ But from then on he rode that team as few ball clubs have ever been rode. And they kept on kicking games away. Kate was gone but the poison lingered on. The boys were silent and sulky, and they had about as much fight as a wet sponge.

And then one day, with the season over half gone and us roosting in sixth place, something happened. It happened in the clubhouse between games of a double-header with Chicago. The Sox were hot that year and they'd drubbed us good in the first game. Once more Smiley had dropped a double-play ball.

Smiley came into the dressing room and started pulling off his wet shirt. All of a sudden he said to Wales, "I've told you the last time not to slam that ball at me when you're right on top of me."

"Aw, dry up, crybaby," Wales said.

Then a miracle happened. Smiley hit him. I didn't dream Smiley had it in him, but his right fist flashed out and up-ended Wales. When Wales climbed to his feet, Smiley was on him like a wild man, both arms churning. Sparling run in to help Wales, and Gantz, jumping to Smiley's side, floored Sparling with one punch. Bill Diamond went after Gantz, and Jimmy Gaines knocked Diamond against the wall so hard he bounced. They might of been fighting yet if O'Malley and Tennille and me hadn't each grabbed a bat and threatened to bust some skulls.

"Well," O'Malley said, "I knew I wasn't managing no ball club, but I didn't know I was managing a boxing team. Get out there on the field and do your fighting, you great big he-men!"

Did you ever see a ball club catch on fire? Well, I did, that second game. Tennille pitched and he pitched good, like he always done, and I never saw a team give a pitcher tighter support. But the Sox were red-hot and we went into the eighth trailing two to one.

The Sox got a guy on first and on the first pitch he went down. Wales covered second to take the peg from Gaines and the Chicago guy give Wales his spikes and damned near undressed him. And then what do you think happened?

I'll tell you. Smiley run in and jerked the Chicago guy to his feet and started to work on him with both fists. Yeah, Smiley run in and jumped the man who had spiked Wales—and an hour and a quarter before he'd been fighting Wales himself!

Both teams headed for second and there'd of been a free-for-all if the umps and both managers and the coaches hadn't acted awful quick. As it was, we were mighty lucky to get by with no punishment except the umps thumbing Smiley out of the game.

Play started again. In the ninth we got runners on first and third, and Gantz came up. With those ducks on the pond, Gantz unloaded on the first pitch and whanged it a mile over the left-field wall, and the ball game was over.

We played the Sox three more games that Series and beat the pants off them, all three. In fact, we won sixteen straight before we dropped a tough one in Cleveland. Then we caught our breath and won nine more straight.

So Diamond forgive Gaines and Smiley forgive Wales and I and Sparling shook hands? So we became one great big happy family? Like hell we did! In a game we were as close as a mountain clan. Off the field half the team didn't speak to the other half.

The club just caught on fire. The sports writers said they couldn't hold the pace. Hell, they stepped it up! They came raging and roaring down the home stretch, eating the Yankees' dust but blowing their hot breath on the Yankees' necks.

Maybe you remember how we closed out the season in Yankee Stadium. We'd caught the Yankees at last and we went into the Stadium tied with them. Tennille shut out New York two to nothing in that first fracas and we needed just one more game to cinch the flag.

O'Malley sent Diamond after that game, and in the first inning we broke the Yankees' backs. The first three hitters for us got on by way of two hits and a walk. Sparling singled one run home. Then Gantz caught a high inside pitch with the fat of his bat and smashed it way, way up into the left-field seats. Five runs across. With that five-run lead, Diamond pitched three-hit ball and won going away.

In the clubhouse after the game we did some hollering and singing and general celebrating. Then O'Malley stopped it. Standing in the middle of the room, he said, "Boys, I'm proud of you and it'll be some time before I call you pantywaists again. Now look. I want every man of you in my hotel room in thirty minutes."

I led the gang to O'Malley's room, wondering what was on O'Malley's mind. I stepped through the doorway and froze, just plain froze. There in an easy chair sat Baseball Kate. If she hadn't been Kate, I'd of said she was the prettiest woman I'd ever seen. At that, I didn't think looking at her would ruin my eyes.

"Boys," said O'Malley, "meet Mrs. O'Malley. Mrs. O'Malley arrived in New York night before last and we were married yesterday, after the game."

Not a one of us dumb clucks said a word. We just stood there speechless. Suddenly I thought, Well, I guess I know who'll manage the club next year. She'll probably even sit in the dugout with us.

Kate must of read my mind, because she said, "Shorty, you and the other boys don't have to worry. I'm cured. I'm a housewife from now on. I'm not even going to watch the World Series."

"Y-you mean," I stammered, "you m-mean you ain't going to St. Louis to see us start the Series?"

"That's right," said Kate, and smiled.

And then Smiley did it. Smiley opened that big yap of his and snorted, "The hell you ain't, Kate! If you ain't going, then I ain't either!"

"I guess that settles that," said O'Malley, and looked at Kate as if she was the most wonderful thing that ever happened. . . .

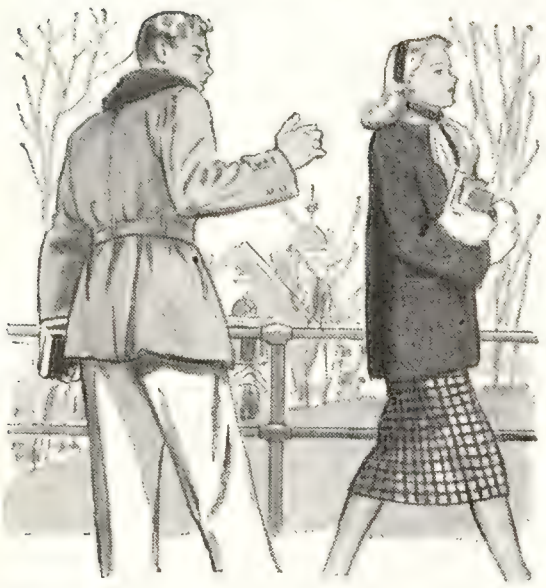
You remember how we tamed the Cardinals in the Series. They did slap Tennille down in the first game. But Diamond won the second and Hay the third and Sclater beat 'em in the fourth. Then Lefty Tennille came back and whitewashed the Cardinals in the final game and we wound up winning the Series, four games out of five.

■ But that year ain't this year. The boys ain't going so good this season. They're wallowing around in fourth place. They need a shot in the arm. Kate could give it to them, but she won't. Kate could make 'em go haywire. That old poison would work around in their systems a while and they'd lose a bunch of ball games. Then all of a sudden they'd catch fire again and burn this old league up.

It ain't in the cards, though. Kate has reformed and is happy that way. Once or twice a week, when we're at home, she comes out to the park and sits with the other wives. But she don't open her good-looking trap except to yell encouragement when one of our guys boots one. You see, we're her boys now; and if, for instance, one of the pitchers gets knocked out of the box, why, Kate makes O'Malley bring the bum around to the house that night and she fixes him a steak thick enough to choke a horse.

Oh, it's nice, all right. But it ain't no way to win ball games. I wish—Well, you can't kill me for wishing, can you? ■ ■

Are you in the know?



Why is she giving him the go-by?

- ☐ *She's wolf-wary*
- ☐ *She's "specs" shy*
- ☐ *She's a snub-deb*

Maybe her Future just passed! She wouldn't know. Her glimmers need glasses. Why be "specs" shy? Lenses today can look mighty swish if you buy frames that flatter your features, your coloring. They'll keep you from missing fun and friends. At certain times, if it's *comfort* you're missing—try the new, softer Kotex. For you've never known a napkin with such heavenly softness: downy softness that *holds its shape.* Made to *stay* soft while you wear it!



Where to park purse and gloves?

- ☐ *On your lap*
- ☐ *On the table*
- ☐ *Under your chair*

If you'd escape the raised eyebrow, remember this when at a restaurant: Accessories are taboo on the table. Avoid clutter . . . keep 'em out of the butter! The safe, proper place for your purse and gloves is on your lap. Let etiquette lead you, and poise is sure to follow. On "those" days, too, you can feel composed—knowing you're on the safe side with Kotex. That exclusive *safety center* gives you *extra* protection . . . a bonus for your poise!



In hem-lengths, is your best bet—

- ☐ *10 inches from the floor*
- ☐ *No-frump*
- ☐ *Half-calf*

Before you get ankle-deep in hemlines, get before a mirror and reflect. Consider, for instance, your height and heft. Too-long skirts dwarf tiny gals; give "tubba tubbas" a dowdy look. For towering teens, the ballerina's better than unbroken, "beanpole" lines. Be sure of a no-frump deal! Choose the length most becoming to *you.* Your choice of sanitary napkins, too, should depend on your individual needs. Try Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. See which suits *you* best!



If urged to go when Mom's said "no"—

☐ *Be cagey* ☐ *Pout and protest* ☐ *Lassie, come home*

When the gang heads for forbidden ground—what's your cue? To moan about Mom (and be labelled "angel child")? Stamp your heels and be dubbed a bum sport? Be cagey! Suggest a spot where the eats or music's more fun. It takes tact! *Wherever* you go—at trying times, you're super-smooth when you've chosen Kotex. For "tactful" is indeed the word for those *flat pressed ends* that prevent revealing outlines!



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* T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



3 guesses what girls forget most

- ☐ *Use hand cream or lotion*
- ☐ *Trim straggly eyebrows*
- ☐ *Buy a new sanitary belt*

Forget to keep your mitts well creamed . . . or weed out bristling brows? Not you! Fine. But how about remembering to buy a new sanitary belt? Why be like most girls, and keep forgetting—keep putting it off "till next time"? To get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, now's the time to buy a new *Kotex* Sanitary Belt!

Yes—because it's made to lie flat, without twisting or curling, a *Kotex* belt gives you snug, comfortable fit. It's adjustable, all-elastic . . . doesn't bind!



Kotex Sanitary Belt

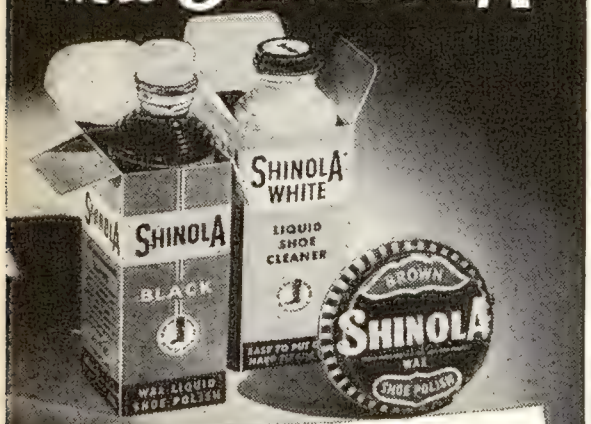
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CAT-TEX



SOLE OUT-WEARS LEATHER!

THE STUDENT HORDE

Continued from Page 21

Absently Joan nodded. "Seven," Joan agreed. "My train leaves at seven ten."

"And where are you going?" Miss Trude's gentle sympathy demanded to know. "Have you a family?"

"I've an old school friend in Chicago."

Beau began to cough. It was a hacking, shattering cough. Beau had had it since Joan had been there, boarding. That was four months. Miss Trude caught Beau up in her thin arms and held him. Beau wagged his tail and the coughing ceased.

"I suppose you were never married," Joan said, hardly knowing that she said the thought aloud. Then she met Miss Trude's startled look, and laughed with embarrassment.

"But I have been married," Miss Trude said, and laughed in turn. "I suppose it's natural for people to forget my husband because my father was Dean Hand—Angus Hand. This was his house and we've always lived here. My husband had a bookstore."

Joan nodded gravely. "My father was like that, too. I mean, people can't forget him. I rather"—Joan drew a breath—"I rather worshiped my father."

"Ah," Miss Trude said. "Yes. You never find another man as enchanting as he. Because there is no other like him."

"And had you no—"

Joan did not quite meet her look that time.

"Children?" Miss Trude put Beau down. "I've only Beau. My husband bought him a few weeks before he passed a-away. And do you know," Miss Trude continued archly, "I'd never liked dogs before. My husband loved dogs, though. And now—isn't it odd?—I love Beau." Miss Trude smiled wryly. "It's almost like having a baby in the house. By the by, the people who are moving in here have a baby. I thought they could put the crib there, where the window seat is now." Miss Trude scooped Beau up in her arms again. "Well—if there's nothing I can do to help you pack," Miss Trude remarked, and turned to go.

■ Backing out, with the polite hope that she had not bothered Joan too much, Miss Trude backed squarely into Christy Farrell. He was there. He was in her room.

"Hello," Farrell said, meeting Joan's eyes. "I heard voices, so I came right on up."

Joan waited, speechless. Miss Trude carted Beau away, closing the door behind her. They were alone.

"May I sit down?"

"Please do."

"Where?" He was mocking her; he was laughing inwardly.

She looked wildly about and it was true. He was right. There was no free place to sit.

"It's sickening!" Joan exploded.

He repeated, puzzled, "Sickening?" His eyebrows looked baffled.

"Having babies, and being in school, trying," Joan rushed on, "to do two jobs at once. Education should come first."

He took a step forward.

She stepped back. He was no taller than she, but broader, heavier. She felt fragile and defenseless before him. She must get rid of him. "Really," Joan said acidly, wanting to be cool and indifferent, "you're wasting your time, coming here. I can't help you with your grade. I've disagreed with the head of my department. I'm leaving, packing." She moved her small round chin to include the disordered room.

"So I heard. The story is that you refused to give the quarterly exam the English department made up for your classes."

Joan said immediately, "Yes."

"Why?"

"What business is it of yours?"

He ran his fingers through his unruly hair. "I want to know."

The subject was locked in her, consuming her. His waiting found the key; she could talk to him. "I wanted Shelley and Keats in it," Joan said earnestly. "I wanted iambic pentameter in it and some play for the mind. A person in college should learn the things he doesn't know." She was very happy, talking to him. She could be frank.

"With a departmental exam, we might all pass. At least we'd have a chance. With Keats and Shelley, half of us would fail." Farrell grinned. "I'd probably be among those that failed. Would you be glad?"

"I'd be delighted." But she lied and he knew it.

He ignored it. He went back to the serious point, frowning. "Look, professor. Maybe you've got it wrong. Maybe all a man in college can do is learn to know the things he doesn't know, to recognize 'em anyway. He can't understand everything at once. He can only prepare himself to make a living. Maybe having a baby and memorizing French verbs isn't sickening. It might be the sweetest thing that could happen for the baby and for tomorrow. Maybe this damn war taught us something, professor." His hands relaxed. His eyes remained grave. "Maybe we've gotten it through our thick skulls that a man shouldn't stop learning when he's twenty-one."

Farrell was thirty, and Farrell looked it. The lines in his face, under his amber eyes, pulled down on either side of his strong Roman nose, were like bruises. Time had not put them there. Experience had. Farrell had been through a thing or two.

Joan flung out her hands. "Please," Joan said, "why are you here?" He caught her hands and held them in his strong ones.

"I came to kiss you good-by, professor," Farrell said, mocking again.

"Don't t-tease." She was miserable. "I've failed with teaching. I've failed with—"

Farrell advanced another firm step. "I've asked you to dinner. I've invited you to the movies. One weekend I even arranged to go skiing with you. But would you?" Farrell paused. "No! Am I, by chance, too young for you, professor?"

Joan laughed. It was not very successful laughter. "You've been to war," Joan cried, flinging the words like pebbles in his astonished face, "and you've changed! You've gotten big ideas, like a million other G.I.s. But you still look like a coal miner. And now you think you can be a doctor just because the government's given you a little money. Ho," Joan said, "ho, a doctor! You!"

With that last taunting word, Farrell kissed her, bending slightly. Her puritan mind objected. Yet the shameful rest of her body accepted thirstily. His kiss was like wine pouring down through her.

"You're hurting me." Dizzily Joan pulled free.

He said, with detachment, "Didn't you know that loving hurts?"

With one masterful swoop, Farrell shoved the tangle of clothing off the bed, so that he could sit on its edge. He sat down comfortably as if he intended staying quite a while.

"Look," Farrell said. "Maybe I do look like a coal miner. My grandfather was a miner. My grandfather was a Czech. He came to this country and he changed his name from Farrellic or something. I was born in Detroit. When I was old enough I looked after engines. I was fascinated by engines. Life was free and easy. I thought it would last forever. Lots of other guys thought so, too. But then we had to go off and shoot people, and some guys got shot, shooting, and we fellows that came back home knew something different. Life isn't forever." He repeated, softly, looking at her beautiful hands, "Life don't last."

"Doesn't," Joan said.

He nodded humbly. "Doesn't. You got to make the most of every damn little minute."

"Please," Joan said. "Please, you must go. I've got to dress for the dance." Her lips trembled. "Please, Chris."

It was now. It was the moment she had been dreading. He knew what he wanted and he said unrelentingly, "Come here."

"No." Her eyes flashed.

And she went to him.

She was water against him. She had no will. Her heart drummed in her ears. "Yes," he said seriously, "I'm going to kiss you good-by so that you'll not forget."

■ He was gone. Joan lay there, and great waves of calm washed over her deliciously. She heard Beau bark somewhere in the house and the clock chime nine downstairs. The clock reminded her. Eric will be waiting, Joan thought, and she roused herself and dressed rapidly.

Eric Lawson was at the foot of the stairs, waiting. He whistled for her. "Joan," he said admiringly, helping Joan with her fur coat. "Joan!"

Arriving indoors, the brilliant lights seemed almost dim in comparison to the moonlit snow outside. Music twinkled all about them. "Dance?" Eric said.

He was thin. He was pale and a full professor and he looked as if he needed someone to remind him to eat more. "Oh, let's."

They danced; but it was no good. Eric lacked independence, and Joan simply was not clever at it. "I'd rather watch," Joan admitted.

So then they found a place in a deserted corner, by the side of the bandstand. Joan interrupted Eric in the midst of a sentence, recklessly.

"Eric, what makes me different?"

He considered. "I think it's because you like to watch them dance rather than dance yourself, Joan. You're endlessly watching."

"But why?"

"I don't know. Why?" Eric said tonelessly, regarding her.

Joan sighed. "Well," Joan said finally, "I think it might have been my father. He always said it was better to think about things than do them. Doing things got you into trouble, often got you—hurt.

"He never wholly succeeded, you know. He was always unsatisfied with his playing. It was never good enough."

"All craftsmen feel like that," Eric said.

"But my father stopped trying," Joan said. She had never admitted that about her idol before. "He was afraid of being defeated — so he stopped trying. Never try to have the dream come true, he'd say, because the dream will be smashed, tarnished by other people touching it."

Eric pushed his heavy-rimmed glasses up on his forehead. Never was there a more unromantic situation. "Joan," Eric said in his formal lecturing voice, "I want you to marry me."

He meant it. The astonishing thing was that he meant it. Joan stared. "But I am married," Joan blurted.

"Married," Eric whispered. "Now?"

"Oh, Eric, I should have told you. It didn't take, Eric. It was one of those war things. Christy Farrell was in a captain's uniform and we were dancing; he made me dance. I knew Chris only two days. I lived with him four days."

Eric thundered, "You lived with him?" People turned and stared interestedly.

"When he came back after the war—four days, yes. But it wasn't right. I wanted to watch a marriage, dream about marriage, but I didn't want to *be* married. All the magic was gone. We hated, *hated* each other. We decided to give ourselves six months alone, apart, because—Eric," she appealed, "we were too heartbroken. We could neither of us have gone through a divorce then."

Eric's kind steel-gray eyes did not waver. His courage did not hesitate. "But you can get a divorce? You will get a divorce, Joan?"

Weakly Joan nodded. "A divorce," Joan babbled. "Of course. Eric, I'm fond of you. You are like—" The unashamed tears started.

"A brother," Eric finished bitterly. He gave her one look. He turned on his heels and was gone. Her tears came in earnest. She got up from the rough wooden chair and fled.

The cold night air sobered Joan. By the time she reached Miss

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Trude's stained-glass front door, Joan was quiet. She closed the door behind her and stood against it heavily.

A small lamp gave light at the head of the stairway. She saw Miss Trude come out of her room in a lavender wrapper. Joan drew a stifled breath and pressed back against the door.

A moment. Nothing happened.

Then Miss Trude's frail voice, talking reassuringly to Beau: "Poor dear little dog. I've called Dr. Pound. I'll have Dr. Pound over right away. He can say you're spoiled. I know you're dreadfully sick." Beau coughed.

He did sound worse. Miss Trude was carrying him, walking very slowly along the unlighted upper hall toward the steps. She had left off her glasses. She could not see at all well without her glasses.

Impulsively Joan stepped forward. "Miss Trude—"

The old lady, startled, glanced down to see who it was that had spoken. She missed the top step. She tried desperately to right herself, but the weary body would not respond. Beau jumped free. Miss Trude fell, bumping headlong against each step.

Joan got to her and felt for her pulse. It was beating, just barely beating. She tried lifting her, but Miss Trude moaned. Lifting, moving Miss Trude at all was out of the question without help.

"Help!" Joan cried.

Beau came bounding down the stairs and sat licking Miss Trude's white, white cheek. Beau cocked his coal-black head, howling.

"Be quiet," Joan said crossly.

He was utterly quiet.

Joan brought a cushion from the drawing room and put it under Miss Trude's head, making her as comfortable as possible. No bones seemed to be broken.

Someone might be asleep in the house, unaroused by Joan's cry. Joan canvassed the house, from the cellar to the attic. Even the fat cook was not in her room. It must be her night out, Joan thought. She was beginning to be frantic.

Then she thought of a doctor. She telephoned three. All three of the doctors were out. Joan left the number hopefully.

She went back and chafed Miss Trude's wrists. Miss Trude began to talk wildly. "I do love you—I do love you as much as father, Perc. It is only that father is a big man and you are a little one. I did not want children, Perc. I want Beau. Perc!" Miss Trude screamed. Her eyes flew open, her breath rattled in her throat. "I will love Beau. Beau," she panted, reaching out her thin hand with its puffed blue veins.

Beau sat by his mistress and whimpered pitifully. Not once did he cough.

Then, at last, but it had been in the back of her mind all the time, Joan thought of Chris. He was near by. She knew the house where he boarded. She had passed it often. She covered Miss Trude warmly and ran eagerly for Christy Farrell.

She did not follow the well-tramped paths. Instead, Joan made short cuts through the soft snow. She fell, and scrambled to her feet, and lost one slipper. There was a light in his room, shining brighter than the moonlight.

Not bothering to knock, Joan burst breathlessly into his room. He was putting on his striped yellow pajama top when he saw Joan. He flung the pajama top aside.

"What is it? What is it, Jo?"

Joan was too winded to speak. She stood there, rooted, dragging air into her lungs.

"You've lost a slipper," Farrell said, sharp-eyed. He did not make a fuss. He simply waited reassuringly.

Joan nodded wordlessly.

"It's in your left hand," Farrell said. "Put it on."

She sat on the nearest chair, and Farrell knelt quickly to put on the slipper for her. "Come," Joan begged.

Farrell came. Silently he slipped his big bare feet into his shoes and put on a heavy overcoat. He went with her, keeping a firm hand under her arm.

"What is it?" he said as they neared the house.

"A fall. She fell down the stairs."

Miss Trude was exactly as Joan had left her; nothing had changed. But Joan had changed. She had grown; she was wiser; she had learned to turn to Chris.

A doctor arrived, with a nurse miraculously in tow. And Beau's doctor, Dr. Pound, arrived also. Beau backed away from him, growling.

"A spoiled dog," Pound complained to Joan. "He's killing that poor old lady," Pound said. "He's no more sick than I am. Just coughs all night to get attention and keep her up. He needs to be put in a kennel for a while, taught manners."

Whereupon Beau cocked his head.

Joan laughed, watching Farrell's amused, alert face. "You try," Joan suggested. "Do, Chris, try to persuade Miss Trude to let Pound take him to the animal hospital."

"Yeah," Pound said skeptically.

So when it was permitted, Farrell went into the quiet room. He came out, having talked ten full minutes with Miss Trude, looking refreshed and with a triumphant gleam in his eyes. "You can take him, Pound. Only she can't bear to say good-by to him."

Stooping, Pound scooped Beau up and went off with him down the stairway and out into the wintry night.

"However did you do it?"

Farrell stood there, looking rather odd in his overcoat with the lapels turned up over his bare chest. "Easy," Farrell said. "I told her he might be going to have pneumonia."

"And how did you make *me* see the light?" Joan asked.

"You did yourself." He waited, patiently enough, but she did not understand. Her pixie face remained bewildered. "Look. It's simple, Jo. I figured it out this way. We both had a perfect dream of marriage. So then we got married, so then the dream ended. When a dream ends, it isn't a dream any more. It's—"

Light dawned in her face. "Reality?"

He said, "You didn't like reality. You were afraid of it because your father was afraid of it, and I didn't have sense enough to make you like it until tonight. Maybe tonight, Jo? Maybe you've joined the student horde tonight, have you, Jo? Have you discovered that there's always something new to learn?"

Joan thought: And I had a dream about teaching. I wanted all my pupils perfect, the perfect dream come true, and the department is right. The department merely wants me to be practical in my teaching and face reality. Father never faced reality, Joan thought, amazed.

The starched white-clad nurse appeared on noiseless feet. "She wants to see you, Miss—er—"

"Mrs. Farrell," Joan supplied. She followed the nurse into the hushed room. Miss Trude turned her face away sadly. "I wanted you to go visit Beau every day. But I forgot, dear. You're leaving."

"No," Joan said softly. "I've changed my mind, Miss Trude. I'm staying."

"Staying? Then you will go see Beau?" Hope leaped up in her voice. She had so little left; there was no chance for her to change as Joan had changed. She had only Beau. "You will!" Joan pitied her deeply. For there, but for Chris's strong-willed effort to make her understand about reality, might be she, alone and lonely, twenty years from now.

"Every day," Joan promised.

"What about the others?" Miss Trude demanded suddenly, opening her tired eyes. "That young man and his wife and the baby? Where will I put them tomorrow morning?" Her eyelids fluttered; she was asleep, quite abruptly.

■ Turning out the lamp, Joan went in search of Farrell. He was in her room, packing her things. Joan stopped just inside the doorway. Breathing was difficult.

"You're leaving," Farrell said.

"Yes."

"You're moving over to my place." That wasn't a question.

"Yes."

He straightened up, holding a half-folded dress. "Don't just stand there saying yes," Farrell said. "Come here, damn it. I love you, my dear," Farrell said, "my darling." His eyebrows made exclamation points. "Am I, by any chance, quoting Shelley?"

There were no words. She did not want words. She wanted him. She went to him gladly, reaching out her beautiful hands. ■ ■





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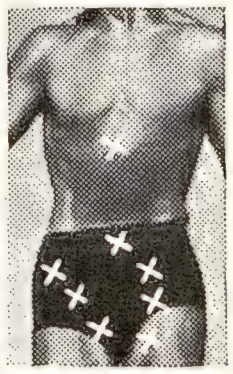
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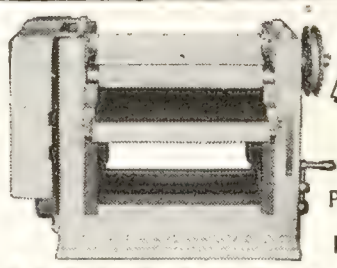
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THE MAN WITH MY FACE

Continued from Page 54

"It wasn't the army, Mary. It was a guy I thought was my best friend. He wanted me to marry his sister."

There was another of those pauses. "But, Chick, if it—I mean, after all, if it happened, it happened, and it's too late now—"

"I just wanted to explain. Things might have been different."

"You've taken me by surprise, Chick. I want to believe you. But that was a long time ago, and don't you think it's just as well to let it lie? We've made our adjustments, and—good-by, Chick."

"Good-by, Mary." It was over. She was right.

"Oh—Chick? Is that all you wanted to tell me?"

"Yes, that's all."

"Has something happened?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"If you saw Major Jody and he told you, that was some time ago. Why did you wait until this morning to call me?"

"It was water under the bridge—"

"Then something has happened."

"Yes."

"Walt and I get home about five. We'll expect you then."

She had an understanding heart. I heard her end of the line click shut, and then I said, "You're sweet," and I hung up.

▫ They had an apartment on Turk Street. I was all in when I got there at five thirty. That infernal blanket wrapped around me under my clothes was killing me. My feet were killing me. I'd spent what was left of my money on lunch, and the rest of the day I'd just walked. No loitering, where I might be picked up. All day long walking with a calculated stride, a pink-faced business man about his business.

I rang the bell with "Davis" under it, and the speaking tube above the bell said, "Chick?" I said it was, and the electric door lock began clicking and I went in. "Second floor, Chick," Mary's voice called from above. I went to the stairs and looked up. She was leaning over the railing with her hair falling forward, and I knew then that beauty isn't something that comes from the skin or the features or the bones beneath. Beauty shines from inside.

"Oh. I'm sorry. I was expecting—"

"It's me, all right. I guess I look a sight."

"Chick!" She came running downstairs, then paused on the third step from the bottom. "Chick, what in the world? What happened? Walt didn't tell me—" She caught herself, her hand flying to her mouth. "I'm sorry, Chick."

"Just poison oak. I'm not sensitive about it. It's sensitive about me." And I thought, Wouldn't it have been simple, if *that* was the reason she hadn't got letters from me, because something had happened to my face.

She held out her hand. "Well—hello."

We went upstairs. Walt's jaw dropped at sight of me. I said poison oak, and he said, "California is a lovely place. You were O.K. yesterday."

"I only thought so."

Mary asked, "What can you do for it?"

"Not a great deal. Calamine lotion helps."

"You look hot. Take off your coat and sit down."

I started to unbutton the overcoat. That blanket was suffocating me. Then I said, "First I'd like to tell you something."

"Sit down anyway."

It was good to get the weight off my feet. I told them what had happened to me. The whole story. It took about an hour, and it wasn't easy. It is hard to admit being duped; that's why confidence men generally get by.

"That's—why, it's awful!" Mary declared when I'd finished. "They can't get away with that!"

"Well," I said, "they have."

"I don't get it," Walt said.

"What part?"

"The whole thing. You claim they've been working on this deal since before you went overseas. That's a hell of a long time."

"The stakes were high."

"Sure, Chick; and this guy who looks like you—Albert Rand—he had to get in the right spot to pull the job. There was a lot to be arranged. Everything had to be just right. But the whole deal is pretty hard to swallow. It's fantastic. Things like that don't happen to people."

Mary declared, "That's a fine attitude, Walt."

"Well, it's how *I* feel," Walt said. "This is a serious business, Chick. The police want you for murder, and you're putting it in our laps by coming here. The least you could do is come clean."

"Come clean? I've told you everything." If Walt didn't believe my story, who would? "I can't help it if it's fantastic. I can't change it."

"You claim this thing has been plotted carefully for years. Yet Buster is supposed to have figured the whole thing out in a flash after he bumped into you on the post and mistook you for Rand. It was the next Sunday, you say, that Cora came around to see you at the orderly room. The deal was cooking then. And now, years afterwards, it panned out. That's one hell of a long time to look ahead—a war on and everything."

"That's how I feel," I admitted. "It's hard to believe."

"Chick was overseas," Mary said to Walt.

"So what?" Walt asked.

"You're going on the assumption that this bond robbery yesterday was what they planned from the

very first. It doesn't have to be at all, and chances are it wasn't. Probably the original plan was for something quick, and it fell through. We don't know if the bond robbery was the first plan, the second plan, or the tenth plan. The first one, at any rate, must have fallen through, because Chick went overseas. And Rand was in the army. The army has a way of upsetting plans."

"Rand was in the army?" I asked.

They looked at me curiously. Walt said with a touch of sarcasm, "It seems to me you'd be *one* guy who'd at least read the newspapers about the case. Yes, he was in the ETO."

"I haven't had time to catch up."

"What do you know about Buster and Cora and Ethelene? What did they do before you knew them?"

"They never talked about that."

Walt's face had a look of suffering patience. "You were married to Cora. You went through a war with Buster."

I didn't feel too good. If Walt sat there with ironic disbelief in his voice and suspicion in his eyes, how could I ever convince anybody else? "I took them at face value. Why shouldn't I? They cultivated me. There is loyalty in friendship. You don't suspect it, you defend it. If things happened that I didn't like, I tried to make the best of them. You say yourself their plan is fantastic. That's its strong point. I wouldn't suspect a thing like that in a hundred years."

"What I'm getting at—"

"Now, quit it, you two," Mary broke in. "I know what's the matter—we're all hungry. Walt, we've still got some of that wine we had at Christmas. Get Chick a glass while I fix dinner."

■ In the bathroom I got out of my clothes, unwrapped that infernal blanket, took off my shoes and gingerly peeled off the socks. The poison oak had spread. There were red blotches all over me, my ankles were swollen and the stuff was showing on my feet. I gave myself an alcohol rub with the idea of getting rid of as much of the volatile oil as possible. Walt brought some calamine lotion from the drugstore, and I patted it on the pink areas. When I came out, wearing Walt's bathrobe and house slippers, the lotion was drying to a whitish crust and I looked like something out of this world.

I felt a lot better with a full stomach. We sat around after supper talking the thing out. Walt tried to be co-operative, but he obviously wasn't happy about my being there.

"Chick," Mary asked, "did you ever give your fingerprints to them? To Buster or Cora?"

"Fingerprints? Why should I?"

"Last night, the billfold you carried had Rand's fingerprints on your driver's license and army identity card."

"Cora substituted fake cards," Walt said.

"Certainly; that's obvious. Don't they take your fingerprints in the army?"

I nodded. "At the induction station. Probably the main reason is to be able to identify the dead and A.W.O.L.s."

"This fingerprint business has got me baffled," Mary said. "We've got to give Rand credit for being smart. This whole thing is almost inhumanly clever, and all of them have gone to no end of pains. So Rand knew it didn't matter how much his face was like yours. If it came to a showdown, your identity could be established by the War Department's fingerprint file. You can't argue against fingerprints. I've read about how the army identified men blown to bits by the tip of a finger. Rand knew he had to get around that somehow."

"You're going off the deep end, Mary," Walt protested. "I was in the army, and I tell you it couldn't be done. It's stretching things too far to suppose that Rand just happened to be in exactly the right place in the army to switch his fingerprint card with Chick's, *and* that Buster just happened to run into Chick, *and* that Chick and Rand just happened to look alike. That won't hold up."

"I don't know the answer," Mary admitted. "I'm just saying what had to be done for Rand to take Chick's identity."

"It doesn't have to be that involved," Walt said. "Now look. Buster and Cora worked on Chick and got him into position. All Rand had to do was pull that job in L. A. and step into Chick's shoes here. All they had to do was get rid of Chick. Cora could have poisoned him. Chick's body could be at the bottom of the bay or in a pit of lime—"

"Walt!" Mary cried.

"Yeah," I said, "let's not go into detail."

"Face the thing. Rand killed the bank guard. Your murder wouldn't matter. They expected you to take the rap for it. And that's what I can't figure out about this business. They needed you here yesterday to establish a perfect alibi for Rand. But the minute Rand got here to take your place, your job was done. Why didn't they kill you then? Why did they risk turning you over to the police?"

"Let's take one thing at a time," Mary said. "The fingerprints—"

"Why fuss around with them at all?"

"All right, let's just suppose all this hadn't happened. Let's suppose Rand didn't know he looked like Chick. All right. Rand steals two millions in government bonds and disappears. Chick is here in San Francisco with a perfect alibi—and his picture is on the front page of the newspapers. In that event, Chick would have nothing to worry about. But still his resemblance to Rand would cause him to be picked up. He would have to prove who he was beyond a shadow of a doubt. He

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would have to prove he wasn't Rand. How? It would be simple enough in that event—Rand's fingerprints had been taken when he got the job at the bank. Give Rand credit for some brains. He couldn't just murder Chick and move into his place. Fingerprints *had* to enter; both Rand and Chick were in the army. Rand had to get around that in some manner."

"I don't see how," Walt objected. "I've read in detective books how you can make a rubber mold of a print, but—"

"Wait a minute," I broke in. "They wouldn't need any rubber mold. I remember when I was overseas, soon after the war ended. Buster and I were cooking up this scheme of getting rich, so he had Cora send us application for bond and for a public accountant license. And there were two fingerprint cards for each of us."

"And that," Mary said, "is how your fingerprints are on file at the bank where Rand was messenger, instead of his."

"And you mailed the applications and fingerprint cards back to Cora?" Walt asked.

"We were supposed to mail them to the bonding company and the State of California."

"They never went there," Walt said. "I'm a public accountant and I'm bonded, and I didn't have to give my prints. On top of that, you had to wait until you were discharged to get that P. A. license."

"Buster took care of the actual mailing," I admitted. "Good old Buster. My pal."

"Those fingerprint cards went to Rand," Mary said. "It's certain the bonding company and the state never saw your application, though probably Rand took out the P. A. license and the bond in your name. He would want everything in order. And he used your fingerprint cards to establish himself at the bank and possibly somewhere else."

"That would take some doing," Walt said.

"There's a standard fingerprint card. If you two had been around during the war you would know all about it. Practically every place was a war plant and took your fingerprints. I remember when I went to work across the bay as"—Mary grinned—"a welder. I'd brought along my birth certificate and some papers showing I wasn't a spy. I filled out some papers. They took my fingerprints and gave me a badge and an identity card. There was confusion, the office was full, a lot of papers. This was the first time for me, and I picked up the fingerprint card with my birth certificate and other things. I'd been on the job several hours when an office man came and told me they'd misplaced the fingerprint card and would I come to the office and make out another.

"That happened to me by accident. If I had arrived with a fingerprint card in my purse bearing the prints of somebody else, there would have been a dozen chances to substitute it for my own. What I'm trying to say is simply that Rand could have palmed off Chick's fingerprint card as his own at the bank. It was part of the plan. He had to do it."

"That still doesn't explain how he got around the army," Walt said.

"One thing at a time, Walt. Maybe the newspapers will give us a clue. I've only read the headlines of the evening editions—about the increase in the reward."

"Aside from that," Walt said, "there's the dog. Chick says his own dog—"

"Bill Meadows!" I broke in.

"Who?"

"I remember him now. That tall guy in the leather zipper jacket, with the Doberman. That was Bill Meadows!"

"And who," Walt asked, "is Bill Meadows?"

"He runs a kennel out near the bay by Palo Alto. Cora and I bought the pup from him—Jiggs. There was a litter of four or five pups; Jiggs was one of two males in the litter."

Walt perked up. "Pedigreed dog?"

"Long as your arm."

Walt nodded his head slowly. "I can see that part of it now. A pedigreed dog fits a pattern. That's what they prize in a dog. If his tail's wrong or his ears or the color of his eyes, he's not a good dog. So there were two dogs that fit the pattern. The dog that jumped you last night was the other male of that litter, Jiggs' brother."

"It's the only way it fits."

Mary asked, "Where does Bill Meadows fit in?"

"I don't know. But he was at the station last night while I was waiting for Cora. He had that big Doberman with him. I ate in the creamery, and he was on the street with the dog when I came out. I went to the show, and when I came out he was sitting across the street on the courthouse steps with his Doberman. He must have been keeping an eye on me, or—"

"My God!" Walt cried, leaping up.

Mary asked, "What is it?"

"The Doberman! When I came back from the drugstore, a dog like that was sniffing at the front door!"

■ As we looked at one another, I had the chilling realization that it wasn't just my own fool neck any more. I'd dragged Walt and Mary into the mess.

"They could have given the dog your scent with one of your shirts or something," Mary said. "But surely that dog couldn't track you all over San Francisco."

"Buster," I said. "My good pal Buster. He knows how I felt about you. He intercepted your letters; he knows you're in the city here. And he could guess easily enough that I don't have anybody else to go to. Walt, you were right. I never should have got you mixed up in this."

"Oh, shut up!" Walt snapped.

"We're in it now." He hurried into the bedroom.

"We've got to find out if that's Bill Meadows' dog," Mary said. "If it is—"

She didn't finish. Walt had come out of the bedroom with a .45 automatic. "Here's something the army don't know I brought home."

He shoved a clip of ammunition in the handle, threw a shell in the chamber, and put on the safety catch. "Let them try something."

I slipped into the bedroom, pulled the door shut behind me to cut off the light, and carefully eased the curtain of the front window aside. The street was deserted. There was a Ford parked at the far curb, down the block. It might have been coincidence that it was in the darkest portion of the street, midway between the lights.

The door buzzer sounded. I hurried into the living room.

Mary spoke into the tube. "Who is it, please?"

"Western Union," a voice came back. "Telegram for Miss Mary Davis."

"Put the wire in the mailbox," Mary said into the speaking tube.

We ran through the bedroom to the front window. Below, a tall figure in a leather jacket appeared from the front entrance. At his heels was a Doberman.

"That's Bill Meadows," I said.

"And that's the dog I saw at the door," Walt said. "If we'd let him in, with that brute— A gun's not much good against a dog. You've got to stop him the first shot."

■ Bill Meadows stood uncertainly before the house. He said something to the dog, just a low word, then crossed the street and went into the drugstore on the corner. The dog remained on the sidewalk before the house.

"He's probably gone to phone the police," Mary said.

"But why didn't he before?" Walt asked. "We were sitting around talking I don't know how long."

"It doesn't do any good to guess," Mary said. "He tried to get in with his dog. That didn't work, and now he'll try something else. We can't just sit and wait for it."

"I'll slip out the back door," I said. "I'll call you tomorrow and we can—" I didn't finish. The dog had cocked its head, then suddenly it ran along the sidewalk and disappeared around the corner of the house. Presently it reappeared and took up guard again at the front.

"That's a smart dog," Walt said. "We had some smart ones in the army. It's watching the back door, too."

Across the street a man was walking along smoking a cigarette. As he passed the lighted front of the drugstore I noticed the smoke from his mouth wafting ahead of him.

"Walt," I said, "let me have a pair of your shoes and your overcoat, quick! Mary, have you got some strong disinfectant in the house?"

"In the bathroom."

I left Walt groping in the dark closet and followed Mary into the bathroom. She got a bottle of disinfectant from the cupboard below the basin. I dumped the whole bottle into the basin, filled the basin with water, took off the house slippers and one at a time dipped my feet, socks and all, into the mixture. The stuff had a strong smell to it, like a concentration of a hundred hospitals. I went into the living room unmindful of the smelly tracks I was leaving on the floor, and got Walt to lace his shoes on me. I put on my suit in the bedroom, not bothering about the blanket, and then slipped into Walt's gabardine overcoat; the coat was big in the shoulders and a little long, but not too bad.

"Mary, you watch from the window. If Bill Meadows comes out of the drugstore before I get out, give a whistle. If it's after I'm outside, let me handle it. Walt, you handle the back door for me to get the dog away from the front."

Walt nodded. "You better take the gun, Chick."

"It might be too big a temptation to use it, the way I feel."

Mary asked, "Where will you go?"

"I don't know yet. You and Walt stay together. I'll contact you at the office tomorrow."

"Do you need money?"

"Well—I could use some."

She gave me ten dollars from her purse. "I can have more tomorrow." Something must have showed on my face. "Chick, don't be silly. It's only a loan."

"Thanks. . . . Ready, Walt?"

"Let's go."

We went downstairs. I stopped at the front door while Walt walked along the hall to the back. He paused, his hand on the knob. I gave him the highball. He opened the door and slammed it shut.

I heard the dog's toenails scratching the sidewalk, and I slipped out the front door, leaving it open. I took the front steps at a leap and raced downwind past the front of the house. Then I fought myself to a walk, and realized my feet were hurting from this sort of treatment.

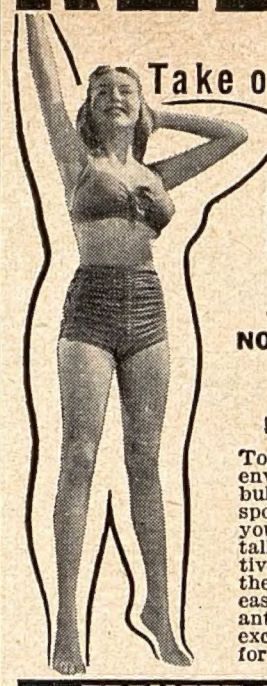
Behind me, I could hear the dog running back along the side of the house, having found nobody at the back door. For some silly reason I was afraid to turn around. I knew the dog wouldn't recognize me; a dog goes on smell. When I did look back, the dog was at the front steps again.

I was glad to have Walt's shoes. They were two sizes larger than mine, and right then they fitted comfortably.

I was near the corner when Bill Meadows came out of the drugstore across the street. He looked at his dog, and then walked up the street toward the parked Ford. He paid no attention to me.

To be continued in the next issue.

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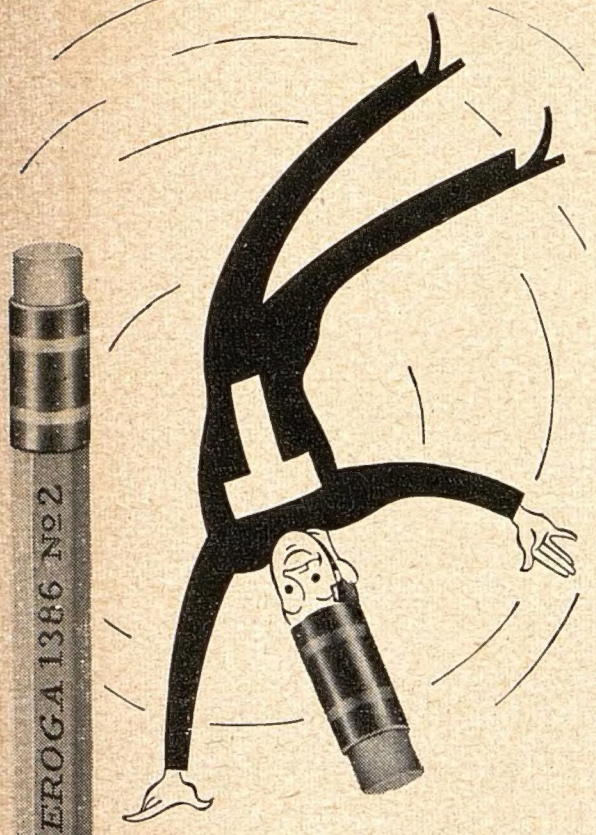
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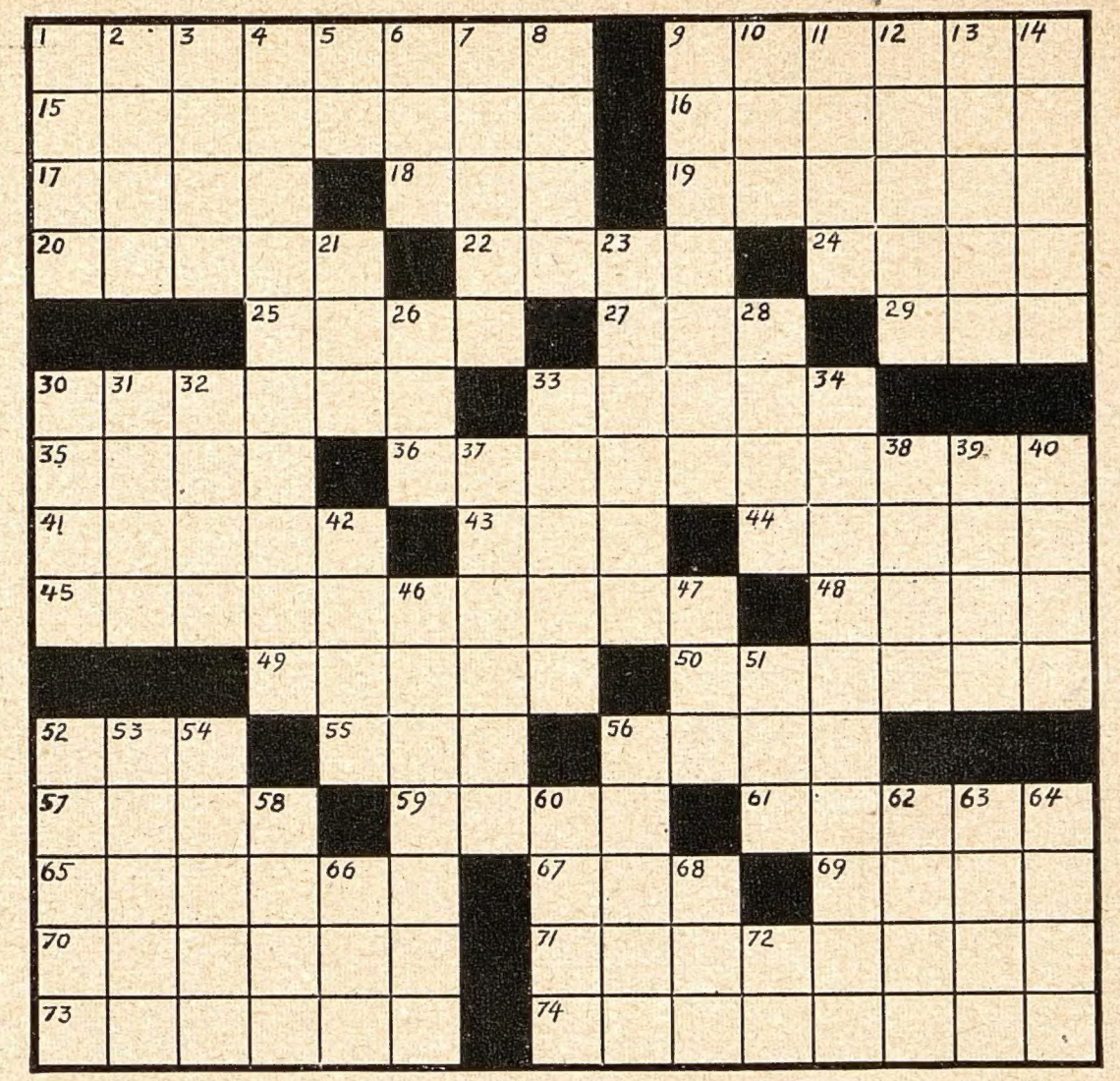
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Puzzle 425 BY TED SHANE 4/1/48



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1 World's leading ban leader
9 Eskimo pie-ingredient suppliers
15 Up-and-going business, operated by a crashier
16 Illinoisy city, known for its bright lights
17 Song-spinning Jenny
18 Send the groceries downstairs through the upstairs entrance
19 The unattached man in '48; the pedestrian every year
20 Bossy creature in the cow-operative ad business
22 He'll be on vacation from the radio till next December
24 Call's sidekick
25 Plenty of singles
27 Hardest thing for a gal to pass at a co-ed college
29 Holy ways (abbr.)
30 Downtrodden thing, takes awful beatings, finally returns to dust
33 Texas hamlet
35 When Nazi kids do it now, it means "?moor eht evael I yaM"
36 Original open toe, gave a devilish lowdown look to wearer (two words)
41 Auf wiedersehen, señor!
43 Opennosed Snore Eliminator (abbr.)
44 Blue cloth; becomes a shining example to those in the rear
45 Silent females who lead model existences as clothes-horses
48 Air vent
49 Use the feet to avoid the clutch
50 Fat detectives when depressed have weigh with ladies
52 Old comforter a gal likes around her
55 Kind of ability voters find in politicians
56 Goose that stuck its neck out
57 Stiff drink

C	R	I	B		T	E	L	E	V	I	S	E	R	S	
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M	A	S	S	A	G	I	N	G	S		T	I	E	R	

March Answer

59 Leafy hangout for cattle rustlers
61 They have 1,000s and 1,000s of feet
65 Kind of bonnet that'll be No. 1 on the Easter Hat Parade
67 Is he ashamed of his descendants!
69 They're behind the coming European boom
70 Brother, if you've got one, shake!
71 Lion-hearted door openers
73 What to use to reduce the national debt
74 Ergostrophobia, symptom of spring fever

VERTICAL

1 What she is 'neath that drugstore exterior
2 This is just plain N. G.
3 Goat feasts
4 Walkie-talkie
5 Neuteral in war or peace
6 In diplomats, a virtue; in you, a vice
7 Budget balancers
8 Hep
9 Man Russia'd hate see elected —he's for peace!
10 Noise, precedes a cry
11 Man in sheet with splitting headache
12 Gets along à la Daddy Longlegs
13 Only thing Congress won't do to housing units
14 Cutty things, shrouded in Scotland
21 Empty Noggins Elucidate (abbr.)
23 What men who seek material wealth fall to their knees and pray for with shaking bones
26 More of the same (abbr.)
28 Foremen at the Oxford Noodle Factory
30 Rare bit of rubber used in New England dish
31 First thing operagoers need
32 Man o' War's long one is over at last
33 It's seen among Ma Nature's colorful new spring bloomers
34 There's Tomfoolery—would this be Tedfoolery?
37 If baby squalls, turn the radio this way
38 Orators are too this
39 Woman eater
40 Painful extractions
42 Give away for money
46 Yellow man
47 Zoothing Zephyr (abbr.)
51 I ——, I saw, I conked 'er (mechanic's motto)
52 What Mrs. Snootsnozz calls her dump
53 He horses around, gets places
54 She skipped with Jason and the Golden Fleece
56 Kind of brownie
58 Der special hate uff der Hitler unt Valter Vinchell
60 Suave member of royalty (Brooklynese)
62 What lipstick bait is
63 They guard the man in the middle
64 Sissies have four
66 Lookie, lookie, lookie!
68 Kind of ema (you'll have to scratch around to get it)
72 'Lo!

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

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